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MR. HOOVER'S DECISION to go to South America was a splendid piece of personal and international strategy for which the President-elect deserves the warmest praise. The months between election and inauguration with their empty personal publicity and their tedious political intrigue have always been embarrassing to our Presidents-elect. Mr. Hoover escapes from besieging office-seekers and goes where his presence will do most for international good-will. He will sail down the West Coast, cross the Andes, and come back to the United States after visiting Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, and Venezuela. Since no President or President-elect of the United States has ever visited these countries, Mr. Hoover's visit will be interpreted as an unusual gesture of recognition and friendship. He will doubtless spend most of his energy in preparing the ground for improved international trade, but he can scarcely escape the critical comments of the South American press concerning our military policy in the Caribbean. The understanding developed by such a visit may prove of lasting value in checking the grosser expressions of our imperialism.

IT WAS A BITTER CAMPAIGN, but in all the whispering and whimpering there was nothing, for downright face-to-face insult, to equal Calvin Coolidge's telegram congratulating Senator Curtis on his election. William Allen White once called Curtis a "nitwit"; Mr. Coolidge was subtler and meaner. "It is a special satisfaction," the man who had known the idle obscurity of the Vice-Presidency wired to the Vice-President-elect, "to congratulate you on your election to the office of Vice-President, *because I know your peculiar fitness for that position.*"

THE MONKEYS WIN in Arkansas. By solemn popular verdict, duly recorded on November 6, it is forbidden in that State to teach that man "ascended or descended from a lower order of animals." Arkansawyers are to be permitted no relationship with the apes, and who is to say that the apes, in consequence, are not celebrating the event? Indeed, the ape has been all too seldom consulted in the matter of kinship with man. Observation of a group of monkeys leads one to deduce that they do not engage in extensive and expensive warfare, that they do not compel young children to work long hours, that in short they are less anti-social than their cousin—except in Arkansas and a few other States—man. The recent argument in Arkansas, which resulted in the passage of the anti-evolution bill, was enlivened by the antics of the Reverend Ben M. Bogard, president of the American Anti-Evolution Association. Mr. Bogard challenged Charles Smith, professed atheist, to debate the question of evolution with him, on the theory that the hair of a dog will cure its bite and the luke-warm opponents of evolution would be strengthened in the faith by meeting with one of the awful consequences of non-belief. In the course of the fracas Mr. Smith spent several days in jail, Mr. Bogard suffered considerable adverse criticism for having invited him to come to Little Rock, and as a consequence has brought suit for libel against the El Dorado *Daily News* for an editorial alleged to be "malicious, defamatory, and libelous," and an attempt to "hold this plaintiff up before the public as a fanatic."

THE DRY LEADERS have hailed with great enthusiasm the election of Herbert Hoover, declaring it to be proof that the American people are overwhelmingly in favor of the retention of prohibition. Two of them are quoted as asserting that this was the true meaning of the election and that its outcome could not be construed as a "referendum on religious faiths." Naturally enough the Anti-Saloon League finds that the election is "a thorough vindication of the Anti-Saloon League." Curiously enough, the various societies opposed to prohibition are equally certain that the outcome is a tremendous step forward toward the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Why else did so many people vote for Governor Smith, many more than ever voted for a Democratic candidate before? To them Governor Smith's huge vote is entirely attributable to the Republicans who want the repeal of prohibition. They point to the vote in the referendum in Massachusetts in which thirty-three out of thirty-six counties voted to instruct the Massachusetts Representatives in Congress to work for the doing away of prohibition. Both sides can claim what they please. The fact is that the election advanced us not even one inch toward the solution of the prohibition problem. Nobody will ever know how many people voted against Smith because of his Wetness, or voted

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for him for the same reason; for at least twenty-five different motives actuated people in this campaign. That is the difficulty with our system. In almost no Presidential election (in only one since 1888) has the electorate been in a position to give a clear-cut mandate to Congress on a single distinct issue. Which is all the more reason to press for the nation-wide referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment which *The Nation* has been urging these several years.

THIS YEAR'S ELECTION emphasized to an unusual degree the disparity that may exist between the electoral and popular vote of a candidate under our curious method of choosing a President. Hoover received 444 electoral votes to Smith's 87, but as this issue of *The Nation* went to press Hoover's popular vote had reached almost 21,000,000 and Smith's not far from 15,000,000. Thus Smith received only 16 per cent of the electoral vote but about 40 per cent of the popular vote. In a cabinet system of government, such as prevails in Europe, Smith would be a power as the leader of the opposition in the national legislature—here he is retired to political obscurity. Mark Sullivan writes that if Hoover had received 275,000 more votes "geographically distributed in the right way," he would have carried every State. To which the New York *World* retorts that if Smith had received 354,000 more votes geographically distributed in the right way, he would have won the election. Smith had a lead of 55,000 over Hoover in the combined vote of the largest fourteen cities. New York, Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, and San Francisco went for Smith; Baltimore, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles preferred Hoover. In spite of the Republican landslide, Senator Wheeler was reelected in Montana and Dill in Washington, but Neely lost in West Virginia. Governor George W. P. Hunt, another progressive Democrat, failed of reelection in Arizona, while Milwaukee did not return Victor L. Berger, the one Socialist in the House of Representatives. Representative Fiorello H. La Guardia, independent Republican, was fortunately reelected from New York City.

THREE INTERESTING ADDITIONS to Congress are the new women members, Ruth Bryan Owen, Ruth Hanna McCormick, and Ruth Baker Pratt. The first named is a Democrat and a daughter of William Jennings Bryan; the others are Republicans. All three are striking and forceful persons. In a legislative assembly apparently designed for the suppression of individual merit, these women may, none the less, make themselves felt—and heard. Mrs. Owen is said by her friends to be liberal and tolerant as well as able. We hope that she comes to Congress free from commitments to the Democratic Party in Florida; if her hands are not tied she will doubtless be counted among the small progressive group in the House. Ruth Hanna McCormick—daughter of the late Mark Hanna and widow of Senator Medill McCormick—can also be counted upon to stand on her own political feet as far as her dubious political associations in Illinois allow. She has her father's drive and tenacity, with a manifestly greater interest in the welfare of her fellow-men and women. Readers who are interested in her personality and record will find them vividly set forth in an article by Mildred Adams in *The Nation* for October 26, 1927. Mrs. Pratt has been a conscientious and useful member of New York City's Board of Aldermen. She has worked hard and has hurled carefully documented criticisms of the budget and other Tammany measures at the heads of a heedless majority.

IT IS HARD to take President Coolidge's Armistice Day address seriously; it is such a mass of absurdities and contradictions. We hope that the first thing Mr. Hoover will do will be to hire a good editor and give him a large blue pencil and full authority to put the Presidential public utterances into consistent and intelligible English. That this speech of President Coolidge's should be held to be statesmanship, and that it should be solemnly received beyond the seas as laying down the foreign policy of the United States for decades to come, is enough to make ordinarily decent American citizens resolve to make Thanksgiving Day a special period of thanksgiving that Mr. Coolidge will so soon retire to private life. At the same time it will be necessary to add prayers that Mr. Hoover will do better on these subjects than he promised during the campaign. Meanwhile, the fact remains that President Coolidge made use of Armistice Day to announce that we are immediately going to increase the number of our cruisers to the ratio which he thinks is right for us to maintain, while uttering such solemn twaddle as that we have no intention of entering into any competition of armaments, that while arming more we must lead the way toward disarmament, that armaments cannot protect the nation from war but that none the less we must continue to be armed and well armed, and that we are so sacredly and peculiarly constituted that we may inculcate militaristic doctrines and arm to the teeth and yet never be militaristic! Immediately on top of this comes the new naval program of the militarists in the Navy Department demanding 15 new cruisers and a navy second to none. Was there ever greater hypocrisy and absurdity? Fortunately, there are already many protests against the downright wickedness of this policy.

FRANCE'S NEW CABINET means that France has returned to normalcy. It was no more natural for M. Poincaré to sit at the head of a Cabinet which included Louis Marin, the wild jingo of the manufacturers' association; Aristide Briand, who is usually the apostle of reconciliation with Germany, and Edouard Herriot, leader of the anti-clerical Radical Socialists, than it would be in this country if Mr. Hoover invited Mabel Walker Willebrandt, "Jim" Reed of Missouri, Dr. Straton, Frank P. Walsh, and Senator Norris to sit in his Cabinet. When the franc threatened to chase the paper mark toward zero, France, for a moment, dropped her normal political animosities, and gentlemen who had been cursing each other in public joined in a Cabinet of national union, just as in war time all the European countries had recourse to coalition cabinets. This unnatural Poincaré Ministry lasted more than two years; but recently the Radicals returned to a peace-time fighting basis. Partly, their change was a result of provocation from the Right; coalition cabinets always seem to fall under conservative domination. At any rate, the Radicals announced that they would not stay in the Cabinet if it continued to plan for a return of the Catholic teaching orders and for an increase in the military budget, while refusing to permit civil servants to form a union. Poincaré refused their demands and formed a new Cabinet with the Radicals left out. Instead of commanding two-thirds of the

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Chamber, the new Ministry has a slim majority; and the short-lived ministries and bitter dog-fighting of normal days seem destined to return.

"PEACE, FREEDOM, AND WORK," according to the new premier, Julius Maniu, is to be the slogan for Rumania. Not for nothing did 60,000 peasants, with their rations tied up in their handkerchiefs, march quietly to Bucharest a year ago in protest against the rule of the Bratianus and the rich landowners. The National Peasant Party has triumphed, and its leader is to form a cabinet, to call for the election of a new parliament, to negotiate a loan under the auspices of the League of Nations, and—under the slogan mentioned above—to reform the Rumanian Government with the Government of the United States as a model. It would be easy to be cynical about that last; in many ways, of late years, the United States Government would fall short of a desideratum for small and aspiring countries. But there is something touching and heartening about this new Government in Rumania. A member of the troubled Balkans, rent by war and exploited by a group of unscrupulous capitalist citizens, with a musical comedy prince and a queen who has spent most of her life in effective self-advertisement, Rumania deserves a regime of "peace, freedom, and work." It is not unlikely that the new Government will be the prelude to a complete overthrow of the monarchy and to the establishment of a republic.

TANGIBLE AND SALUTARY RESULTS continue to come from the Federal Trade Commission's exposé of power propaganda. The Federal Radio Commission has stopped a public-utility company from setting up its own radio station for the dissemination of propaganda, and the National Education Association has started on its proposed investigation of the use of the schools for propaganda purposes. In denying the Richmond Development Corporation a permit to construct a radio station, the Radio Commission pointed out that the corporation is closely allied with the Roanoke Water Works Company, and that the original application for the permit proposed to "promote a better understanding between the public and public utilities generally." Chairman Ira Robinson stated that this indicated "an intention to engage in a type of propaganda which is now being extensively condemned after revelations uncovered by the Federal Trade Commission." The National Education Association has announced the appointment of Dr. Edwin C. Broome, superintendent of schools at Philadelphia, as chairman of the committee of ten authorized by the Minneapolis convention to investigate propaganda in the schools and to report on the principles which should guide teachers in handling such material, and on any necessary machinery to protect the school officers and teachers from being used by private interests. Furthermore, there is good evidence that newspapers are being increasingly cautious against being exploited by propagandists.

WINTER IS COMING and almost nothing has been done to protect the several million of our unemployed from destitution, but 283 persons in the United States will not worry. They are the individuals who received in 1927 an income of more than $1,000,000. Our nation has now attained the proud distinction of possessing more million-dollar incomes than any nation in the history of the world, and more by fifty-two than the United States in 1926. While the average wages of factory workers are approximately $25 a week, and while only a handful of farmers can boast of a substantial income, practically all the higher classes of income-tax payers from the $10,000-a-year group to the million dollar group increased last year. The earnings of corporations declined while the great personal fortunes made by speculation increased—and most of the profits from the greatest gambling year in the history of finance will not be reported until next year. While the Internal Revenue Bureau was announcing its figures, another bureau of the Government, the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, was issuing a statement of the average wages of certain women workers in our factories. The median weekly earnings of Mississippi white women are $8.60, of Negro women $5.75, of South Carolina white women $9.50, of New York white women $14.95.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY announces a gift of $3,000,000 which it has accepted for the purpose of splitting Harvard up into small colleges of three hundred men each, somewhat after the manner of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, with proper adaptation to American conditions. This is an extension of recent developments under which freshmen live by themselves and upper classmen are more and more put on their own, freed from lectures and brought into closer touch with individual instructors appointed to supervise their reading. Decades ago President Eliot hoped for something of this kind. When the effort was made to tie the Institute of Technology to Harvard through the McKay bequest, it was his hope that Tufts College and other nearby institutions would move to Cambridge to be under the wing of the university without losing their identities as separate colleges. It is impossible to comment at length upon this radical departure until an official statement lies before us; we shall refer to it again in an early issue. Meanwhile, it is an interesting example of the way one rich man by a huge gift, made at the instigation, doubtless, of university officials, can alter the whole structure of an historic institution; at first glance we feel that the experiment ought to be of enormous benefit to the entire university world.

WE REGRET TO RECORD the death of Warren Worth Bailey, editor of the Johnstown (Pennsylvania) *Democrat*. A devoted and uncompromising single-taxer, a Democrat by party affiliation, and a true democrat as well, Mr. Bailey rendered conspicuous service to the liberal cause in America. He was a member of Congress for three terms and was elected a fourth time only to be robbed of his seat by fraud and the interminable delays which made it impossible for the House of Representatives to take cognizance of the facts prior to the expiration of the term during which he should have sat. He was a journalist by profession who upheld its best ideals—he had been publisher of his paper since 1893, but he was probably prouder of the fact that he was the publisher of the first single-tax newspaper, the Vincennes (Indiana) *News*, than of the success of his *Democrat*, in which, by the way, he bravely opposed our going into the World War. The esteem in which he was held in his community is apparent from the fact that he, a Democrat, represented a Pennsylvania constituency containing many beneficiaries of the protected industries of that State. Mr. Bailey was a splendid citizen and will be missed.

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What of the Democracy?

WHAT future for the Democracy? It has sustained its greatest disaster at the polls while at the same time recording a greater vote than ever before in its history, indeed a larger vote than the total of all the ballots cast in 1924 for Wilson, Roosevelt, and Taft. It has discovered, moreover, a new leader in Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt himself sniffs at the idea that the party is smashed. On the contrary, he declares that it is "rejuvenated"; that it has a "bright outlook for the future"; that "a vote nearly twice as large as that cast for any other Democratic candidate for President is another evidence of the comeback of the party." Per contra, others who are not flushed with the excitement of an extraordinary personal success are clear that what has happened foretells the end of the Democracy. Among these is Norman Thomas who reads in the election sure signs that the process of Democratic disintegration is at hand.

The truth probably lies between the two extremes. But of this we are sure: With all respect to Mr. Roosevelt, it is hopeless to expect that the Democracy can ever be molded into the party of sound opposition, based on principle, which this country so sorely needs. The campaign has brought out again that the party is composed of utterly discordant elements which at bottom can never be reconciled. The Southern wing has now proved that it will never support a Catholic Wet, although the bulk of the party's urban vote in the North is largely Catholic or Wet. On the other hand, the South's bitter anti-Negro attitude makes it clear that no Northern candidate, not Franklin D. Roosevelt or any other, will ever be free to demand justice for the disfranchised colored population as long as the Solid South constitutes the basis for the hope of Democratic victory. As for the masses of the Democratic voters in the North who are not Catholic or Wet, the party has done its very best to alienate the thoughtful among them by throwing overboard most of its principles and, apparently with deliberation, has set about to wipe out as many of the distinctions between it and the Republican Party as it possibly can.

Thus, lest it be regarded as the party of the non-possessing, it has thrown itself into the arms of Big Business. All through the campaign it heralded the fact that it was not dangerous to Big Business when it should have been highly dangerous to the forms and tendencies of Big Business which it so bitterly opposed in 1912 under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson. It has again sought to make terms with Big Business by declaring that as to the tariff it was no longer a bad boy, and never, never would be one again. Indeed, it was so good that its candidate actually promised that there would never again be a general tariff revision. As for our foreign policy, as if to emphasize again that the Democratic Donkey is really only a lesser Elephant, it threw overboard the entire Wilsonian post-war program, including the League of Nations, and piped only in minor tones as to our wrong-doing in Nicaragua and elsewhere in the Caribbean. In this way it achieved its purpose: The campaign was waged on personalities and not on issues, except in so far as Governor Smith in his person called up prohibition and the issue of intolerance. Otherwise principles were forgotten, or deliberately abandoned. The radical social and economic program once urged by Mr. Wilson was sunk without trace. The Democracy revealed itself as being without fixed principles, as purely an opportunist organization.

It is this which Franklin D. Roosevelt overlooked in his natural astonishment at the vote polled. Numbers are, of course, a chief party aim, but principles ought to mean far more. When numbers are achieved, first, by the abandonment of historic party policies, and, second, by the purely accidental appearance of a vibrant and vote-winning personality, they count for very little in the future orientation of a party. If Mr. Roosevelt, and whoever else may turn out to be the heirs and assigns of the party machinery, desire the Democracy to continue the policy of pretending to be just like the Republican Party, it is not difficult to prophesy for it many years of exclusion from office. The Republican Party can always win at that game. The result will be that the United States, instead of having a two-party government, will be reduced to a one-party system, unless a new grouping comes to pass.

For ourselves, we see no reason whatever to alter our belief that as long as the Democratic Party represents the reaction and intolerance of the Protestant, Dry South and the Catholics and the Wets of the North, its possibilities of usefulness as a strongly welded and united opposition are nil. Therefore we repeat what we have said many times before, that it ought to die and the sooner it dies the better; the sooner there will be a new birth of a really progressive, honest, and liberal party. The country needs nothing so much as a new line-up between liberals and reactionaries—a division into those who believe that the Government exists primarily to make money for those who already have it, whose gospel is the smug doctrine of creature comfort above all else which Mr. Hoover preached from the beginning to the end of his campaign, and those who believe that it must be the servant of the people. Yes, the servant of the people—even to the extent of owning and operating for them the public utilities and water-powers and basic industries which are fast being monopolized. Radicals and conservatives—these are the two camps we need, the realignment we ought to have.

We are happy to read, therefore, that the progressive Senators in Washington are to meet soon to decide whether to come out for a new party or not. We regret that we cannot join Mr. Thomas in believing that we should build up the Socialist Party, but we cannot forget that for most Americans socialism connotes only bolshevism or anarchy. Hence a new designation and a revised program upon which all liberals may unite are the demand of the hour. We wonder if within the Democratic Party itself there are not a lot of able and clean men, like Frank Polk and Brand Whitlock, who are ready to strike out for a new deal, who realize that a rebirth of the Democracy into a great fighting instrument for liberalism at home and abroad is an impossibility. If there are such, we appeal most earnestly to their patriotism to set about the task of discovering with those like-minded of all faiths the basis upon which a new alignment can be made.

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Smith Breaks the South

IT is an extraordinary political event, Governor Smith's breaking of the Solid South. For generations students of American politics have been hoping for this; the best friends of the South have prayed for it. Anything that would free that section from its post-bellum hatred of the Republican Party and its fear of Negro domination—often artificially stimulated by politicians without any other issue to parade—and permit it to split normally on economic or political issues has seemed the most desirable of political happenings. For the dead hand of one-party government and race-prejudice combined has thwarted or delayed unconscionably the intellectual, social, moral, and industrial development of the South. That the smashing of this solidarity should now have come about through a narrow passion for prohibition, through an outburst of sectarianism and of bigotry is the irony of fate. None the less the great fact is there: the Solid South is broken at last. A precedent is established of enormous importance to the whole country. What has been done once can be done again, especially when it appears eventually that the revolt of Texas, Florida, Virginia, and North Carolina will not mean the coming of Negro domination, or any of the other bugaboos by using which the average Southern politician has talked himself into office.

Plainly Governor Smith brought about this historical happening and not Herbert Hoover. The South voted *against* the Governor of New York and not *for* Mr. Hoover. Beyond question the motives were mixed, and it is equally clear that it will never be possible to assign to each one of those motives its exact percentage of responsibility. One Democratic county committee in Florida which voted not to support Governor Smith did so solely because he had disavowed the dry plank in the party platform; it solemnly recorded its belief that the Governor had abandoned the Democratic Party and that therefore loyal Democrats were justified in voting for somebody else. The appeal of the bishops, headed by James Cannon, for votes against Smith because he was a Wet was effective in large degree. But dread of the Pope, the bigotry of the fundamentalists, and the generally narrow religious views of that section were even more effective in breaking the Solid South. That there were other contributory causes is obvious. There are now whole communities in Florida and elsewhere made up of Northern people. In Georgia, in North Carolina, in Alabama, in fact all through the South, the industrial development has been enormous. The manufacturers and the managers of mills and factories and many of their employees have become Republicans because they felt it was to their financial interest to do so, just as it was undoubtedly in considerable part their influence which induced the Democratic Party to abandon at Houston its historic tariff policy. The South is changing and it will continue to change as it increases in wealth, as its tremendous natural resources are further developed, as more and more foreign and Northern capital pours into that section. Finally, it is beyond question that more Negroes voted in this election than have been allowed to vote for sometime past, and they generally voted for the Republicans. It is a significant fact, also, that the States in the South which remained true to Democracy were those in which the Negroes are in numerical superiority.

Now it is of course possible that the break-up of the South may help to fasten upon us the one-party rule of the Republicans. That chance we must run—just as we have to face the one-party allegiance of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, a solid block of Republicanism that should also be broken up. If a new party does not divide the South and New England on genuine political or economic issues, the Republican Party is more and more likely to profit. Not that we believe that the four revolting States have left the Democratic fold for good. Not in the least. But the break will come again; we shall again have States leaving the Democrats because people vote as they think and not because of tradition or an absurd fear that intermarriage and social equality with the Negroes will follow the day after a State enters the Republican column. As for the Negro, we are sure that he will profit by the change. Given genuine battles between two parties over real issues, and more and more Negroes will be asked to vote. Even should this prove not to be the case, it will be of enormous benefit to them if the habit of the Tillmans and Heflins of riding into office solely on the backs of the Negroes is ended. Already the dispatches report that Mr. Hoover contemplates entirely reorganizing the Republican Party in the South. That is an admirable objective. It is as full of crooks, black and white, and of mere job-seekers, as any party could possibly be. Usually it is a scandal and a disgrace. If he can bring it about that the fine men and women in the South who are at heart Republicans vote and act as such, he will confer a great benefit upon the whole country.

Blood from a Stone

FRANCE, England, Belgium, Italy, Japan, and Germany have agreed to appoint representatives to a commission which is to reexamine the whole subject of the European war debts. It is an old subject. The war ended ten years ago, but with the exception of the work of the Dawes Commission there has not been any attempt to date to approach the financial wreckage of the conflict with honesty or realism. So far it has been a magnificent game of bluff on all sides, but there is a fair degree of hope that the coming examination of the war debts may be more of a business and less of a political session than most previous discussions. The United States is to be asked to take part, and Washington has intimated a willingness to do so, although reiterating the old cry that our claims against Europe shall not be allowed to hinge in any way upon the arrangements of European nations among themselves.

It is the Dawes Plan which has led to the new commission on war debts. That agreement was concluded early in 1924, and next year reaches the full scale of payments, a sum from Germany to the Allies of 2,500,000,000 marks ($625,000,000) in goods and money. The amount is an increase of 40 per cent over present payments, and there is much question outside as well as within Germany of whether that country can raise the tribute or—if so—transfer it. What chance is there that the new European commission will scale the tribute down? None, one would say, if he took at face value the declarations of the various governments concerned. England asks an annual amount equal to her yearly debt payments to the United States when they reach the maximum; Italy asks the same in respect to her

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debt payments to Great Britain and the United States; Belgium makes a similar demand in regard to her debt payments to the United States and wants a sum sufficient to cover the cost of the Germany currency floated in Belgium during the occupation; France is out for her annual debt payments to Great Britain and the United States at their maximum, and also for the cost of restoring the devastated regions. The total foots up to about the maximum annual charge under the Dawes Plan, but would be far less desirable for Germany because yearly payments for the liquidation of the Allied debts would stretch out over a much longer period than those called for in the Dawes arrangement.

But in these demands there is a lot of the old bluff, which the Allies can hardly be expecting to maintain if they are serious in calling a new conference. The largest item by far is the amount demanded for settling the various debts to the United States. This is computed in each case at the *maximum* yearly payment called for, a sum not due for many years and one which, in fact, no intelligent student of the problem expects ever to be paid at all. Take Italy as an instance. A Paris dispatch to the New York *Times* says that Italy wants $22,000,000 annually to cover her debt service to Great Britain and $26,000.000 for similar payments to the United States. But Italy is not paying us $26,000,000 annually; she is giving us only $5,000,000 at the present time and it is highly doubtful if we ever get more—certainly never $26,000,000. France is reported to be asking for $62,000,000 a year to pay to England and $125,000,000 to the United States. Stuff and nonsense! France actually has no debt agreement with us whatever. In 1925 that brilliant financier, Andrew W. Mellon, refused Caillaux's offer beginning with an initial payment of $40,000,000 annually. A few months later Mr. Mellon accepted preliminary payments from Italy which were only 25 per cent as good compared with the total debt involved, and in 1926 he agreed to the Bérenger offer beginning at $30,000,000—or $10,000,000 less than Caillaux proposed! Even so the French Parliament has so far refused to ratify the arrangement, so that technically France has agreed to pay us nothing. Actually she has been sending $30,000,000 a year, although $20,000,000 of this is credited by our Treasury as against war supplies bought after the armistice and only $10,000,000 toward liquidation of the war debt.

At the same time the Allies are less culpable in this huge bluff than we are, because we have insistently refused to reduce the debts due us in return for similar concessions from the Allies toward Germany. The Allies are therefore obliged to carry on their books their full obligations toward us up to the end of the sixty-two-year periods for which they were contracted on a progressively increasing scale. What a pious humbug! We shall never get those fat and distant payments, and we owe it to world peace and stability to renounce them and so permit the Allies to ease the now probably impossible burden imposed on Germany by the full Dawes payments.

The Allies are unfortunately not able to expect this from us in the coming negotiations. Possibly they have in mind something more hazardous for us but more likely to come to pass—a big American loan to Germany. This would leave the Allies sitting pretty and the United States holding the bag. It would be a beautiful case of taking money from one pocket to put in another—more dangerous though not more stupid than our present policy.

Mexico's Great Trial

NOT since the days of Juarez and Maximilian has Mexico seen so dramatic a grapple of church and state as that which culminated in the trial of José de Leon Toral, the young cartoonist who murdered Obregon. Calles precipitated the conflict, as if to determine once for all, cost whose life it might, the terrible duel that dates back to the Conquest and the Inquisition. His sudden militant evocation in 1926 of the Juarez laws and the Constitution of 1917 was a definite challenge. The church, overconfident of traditionally Catholic Mexico, took up the challenge. There was national propaganda for the reign of Cristo Rey as against the presidentship of Calles; and at the same time a cessation of services, a period of mourning, and a boycott which was intended to bring to a crisis the economic life of the nation. The boycott failed; the mourning was gradually sloughed off; and cessation of services gave visible evidence of what Toral despairingly said determined his crime: "Mexico was forgetting Christ and losing its religion." The only people who stood by the church were the only people in Mexico to whom the church and religion were synonyms: the remnants of the aristocracy and part of the city middle classes.

In 1926 a group of women plotted to kill Calles. They were tried and released, after much publicity, on the ground that they had taken no measures to carry out the plot. Calles said they were fanatical females, not worth bothering with. Some time after, there was an attempt on the life of Obregon, for alleged complicity in which several priests were shot without trial. Then came the bombing of Obregon's campaign headquarters by members of the Madre Concepcion group, and the bombing of the National Chamber of Deputies by other members of this same circle, "not to kill anybody," they declared, "but simply to frighten the Deputies into changing the Constitution." By his own veiled confession, Toral killed Obregon because the unforeseen death of the President-elect might throw Mexico into a scramble.

Into the trial of Toral went the packed forces of church and state. It was deliberately a show-down. The church, three days before the trial began, celebrated the Day of Cristo Rey, a national holiday decreed by the Pope. Two hundred thousand pilgrims were massed at the shrine of Guadalupe, a suburb of the capital. Elaborate services were held in all the churches, dedicating Mexico formally to Cristo Rey. Except for a few boos and hisses in the course of the trial, and possibly planned anti-Toral manifestos in the streets, nothing happened.

It was an ostentatiously fair trial, dispiriting to martyrdom. Toral was even allowed to describe the third degree employed to obtain the confessions which involved Madre Concepcion and her sixteen followers. The jury was picked from the lower, city, middle class, which might be expected to sympathize with Toral and be swayed by the fact that one of the defendants was a nun. The nun was sentenced, as intellectual author of the murder, to twenty years' imprisonment, Toral to death. He goes down, with Obregon, the executed priests, Juarez, and hundreds of anonymous guerrillas, soldiers, and women, on the long list of human sacrifices begun in Mexico in the name of Christ four centuries ago.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE most useful service within the power of any publication would be to use the fires of bigotry for the purposes of illumination. We ought to chart the domain of prejudice in order to guide the footsteps of the coming generation. Naturally it will not be enough to concern ourselves wholly with such disabilities as may lie across the path of Catholics. Indeed it might be fair to say that membership in this particular church need not always be a handicap. It never yet stopped anyone from being mayor in Boston nor yet in New York. Obviously there are districts where Catholics run better than their Protestant competitors. But even in Boston or New York there has been no set ban against the Protestant.

However, the survey which I have in mind should concern itself with other things than politics. Prejudice is not restricted to religion. There is, for instance, an anti-Negro feeling which rests on race alone. In the case of prejudice against Jews I suppose the bigotry is partly racial and partly religious. There is also the somewhat recent drive against the citizen of foreign birth and sometimes against his children. The melting-pot has come to be a place in which he is supposed to surrender bones and buttons and hop out looking like William Allen White.

Many said it was a pity that the religious issue should have been dragged into the campaign. I can't see that. Since it exists there is no reason why we should not know of it. Indeed we want more light upon the matter rather than less. For the most part the people who complained against the religious issue being brought to the fore were those who wished to knife a Catholic and have their action construed as patriotism or a defense of prohibition. But there are many exceptions to this rule. For a long time I have been urging that some American newspaper take up the question of concrete discriminations in this country against the Jew. In conversation with several Jewish friends I have found much opposition to any such inquiry. They say that it would stir up prejudice.

But bad enough should never be left alone. In common honesty the public has a right to know the facts. When enough information is available we shall be able to add the necessary footnotes to the Declaration of Independence. When a child is taught in school that all men are created free and equal he should be allowed to look at the foot of the page and learn the necessary exceptions which are noted.

It has been suggested to me that any such inquiry ought to include a survey of the Negro's status. Unfortunately this would have little appeal to any journalist. If a white community discriminates against a Negro that can hardly be said to be news. In this respect we have at least gone a short step past hyprocisy. Many States make no bones at all about their determination to keep the Negro in political, social, and economic bondage. The Negro himself must shoulder part of the responsibility. Too often he has been willing to accept injustice tamely. Moreover, he has certainly made indifferent use of his vote. It was possible for Herbert Hoover to go "lily white" in the last campaign and still sacrifice no tangible number of votes in States and cities where the Negro holds the balance of power. The colored men of America ought to get over the habit of voting Republican willy-nilly.

It is perfectly true that Governor Smith made no particular gesture of friendliness toward the Negro in the last campaign. In fact it was not possible to get any sort of statement from him when there seemed a possibility of gathering into his support a large percentage of this Republican vote. I still think it would have been a useful gesture upon the part of Negroes to rebuke the party in power. And even if they could not bring themselves to vote for Smith and Robinson there was the chance to back Norman Thomas.

Jewish prejudice is quite a different matter. It is my guess that no major party would care to nominate a Jew for President because of the hill-billy vote which is so large in all the rural States. But the problem is much wider than this and it is dangerous because insidious. For instance, no man knows just how many schools and colleges are working on a quota basis or barring Jews entirely from enrollment. A. Lawrence Lowell was somewhat unfairly dealt with when he publicly announced that Harvard was considering the matter of making some restriction as to the number of Jews to be admited. The criticism directed against Mr. Lowell was unfair because the very thing which he publicly announced as being under discussion was already done by stealth in scores of educational institutions.

And surely it is no secret in New York that there are hospitals in which the young Jewish doctor must be at least twice as able as his Gentile competitor in order to get an appointment. We know that there are apartment houses which require "social" references and any number of summer hotels proudly proclaim the fact that Hebrews are not wanted. Again the slogan "Christians only" is overly familiar in the advertisements of some of our largest concerns in the "help wanted" columns. Mr. Hoover was fond of saying during the campaign that this was the land of equal opportunity. No one took him up on this, for a fair question might have been framed for him to answer. It would run: "Equal for whom?"

Incidentally and somewhat irrelevantly I have learned from a letter the solution of the great farm mystery. Before every election we are told that the honest agriculturists are angry and purpose to make their revolt felt at the polls. After this announcement our rural friends invariably go and vote Republican as usual. This curious behavior has been explained on the ground of prosperity and on habit but Mr. Gustav Heden informs me that the true explanation is applejack. He writes:

> You have said, "There seems every reason to believe that the majority of the people of the United States favor prohibition in its present form." That statement is true on the face of it, but it does not mean anything, *for we all know that if the possession of applejack had not made the farmer independent of prohibition he would have voted for Smith, and that applejack more than anything else determined this election.* The voting proved nothing much except that the city dwellers are Wet and that the applejack-drinking farmers are "dry."
>
> To even up things the city dwellers should get genuine applejack at least. Lead us to it, Mr. Broun!

HEYWOOD BROUN

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What Next in Washington?

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

THE Presidential election of November 6 resulted in a landslide—in fact, in several landslides. It resulted in a real landslide of popular votes for both candidates, a landslide of electoral votes for Herbert Hoover, a landslide of loose and excited talk about Governor Smith's "crushing" and "unprecedented" defeat, and a landslide of obituaries on the Democratic Party. The first two of these resulted directly from the election; the last two from unintelligent scrutiny of the election returns, coupled with a very slight acquaintance with political history.

It is true that Hoover's victory was decisive from all angles, although much less decisive, from the popular standpoint, than that of Harding in 1920. It is true that he carried forty of the forty-eight States, including four of the hitherto Undigestible South, and that he will have 444 votes in the Electoral College to Smith's 87. It is equally true that Smith received at least 6,000,000 more votes than any man ever nominated by his party for President, and, moreover, that he received a decidedly larger percentage of the total vote than either of the last two Democratic candidates before him.

In the light of the figures, talk about "the overwhelming disaster to which the party was led by Governor Smith" is sheer nonsense, or pure malice, or both. Not only did he lead it to the highest peak of numerical strength in its history, but under his leadership it attained greater comparative and competitive strength against its opponent than it had enjoyed since 1916. The writer is not a Democrat. He would cheerfully see that party securely buried, and its place taken by an organization with a genuine program of reasoned, constructive opposition to the predatory plunderbund which has just been returned to power. But why be silly? A party that survived 1920, when its candidates received 34 per cent of the vote; and 1924, when its candidate received only 30 per cent of the total—obviously that party has not been annihilated by the results of 1928, when its candidate not only got more than 40 per cent of the popular vote, but actually added 6,000,000 voters to the party roll.

That the party as now constituted contains within itself the germ of decay and death, I surely believe and fervently hope, but that germ is not to be discovered either in the nomination or in the defeat of Governor Smith. On the contrary, the very fact that he could be nominated on the first ballot, and that he could obtain the support of such a large proportion of the party organization, offers the only basis on which it may hope to survive. If it dies it will die because Bourbon leadership, typified in such men as Simmons, Heflin, Blease, Ferguson, and Bilbo, prevails over the progressive leadership exemplified in Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Senators Walsh and Wheeler. It may so prevail, and the next four years may witness its triumph. The public will see that issue joined when Southern leaders begin to conspire at ways and means to check the growth in party and popular strength of Franklin Roosevelt. If they succeed in shelving him—or his progressive counterpart—the ultimate doom of the party probably will be sealed, although its actual demise may be lamentably slow.

There is something of which a great many voters both north and south of the Mason and Dixon line are not aware, although few elements in the party alignment exercise more force. It is the fact that continued Republican success in national elections inspires no such poignant grief in the breasts of Southern Democratic leaders as might be supposed—*so long as their State and local tickets remain intact.* Uninterrupted and practically uncontested occupation of the Senatorships, Governorships, and seats in the House, and complete control and distribution of the smaller prizes, was a wonderful consolation for seeing a Republican in the White House, and it has enabled many a Southern statesman to endure the spectacle with complacency. Not until their own nests were disturbed would they really worry. Now, that is precisely what happened November 6. Democratic State tickets in the South almost uniformly ran far below their normal strength. Worse, seats in the House, held by Democrats since the Civil War, actually were lost in North Carolina and Virginia, and others were retained by narrow margins. Now we can understand the dismay which was apparent in high Democratic quarters! Now we can understand the stern and vociferous demands to "purge the party of Tammany and the body of death!" And now, moreover, we can understand the character of the fight, and the motives behind it, that will be made to return the party to Bourbon leadership and control. If that effort succeeds, the aim of future Democratic national conventions will not be difficult to forecast. It will be to nominate national candidates to be beaten, but beaten on such platforms and under such circumstances as will offer the minimum of danger to the success of the local tickets. First, and above all, this would mean no more Catholic candidates! It would mean cautious and meaningless declarations of national policy. It would mean opposition of a purely critical nature, and that largely perfunctory and for home consumption. It would, in short, mean turning the country over to the Republican Party—in other words, to the Power Trust, the Aluminum Trust, the high-income-tax bracketeers, and all the other pets of governmental favoritism and protection.

Of course it may be said—in fact, it was said on the floor of the Senate two years ago by Senator Reed of Missouri—that this is just about the course which the Democratic Party in Congress has been pursuing for several years. And the reply is that the nomination of Governor Smith at Houston was the event which put at end, temporarily at least, to that course, and set the party on the road of genuine progressive and constructive opposition. The present question is whether it will remain on that road and evolve into the party of liberal and popular causes, or whether it will get back into the old rut.

"No more Catholics," I have written. Well, I will say now that I do not believe Governor Smith would have been elected if he had been a Protestant. The Republican candidate, no matter who, was bound to win. Dawes, Curtis, or even Jim Watson would have won. It is impossible to convince a majority of the American people that they are not as prosperous as they should be, or that they would not be less prosperous under a Democratic administration. I fully agree with Will Rogers that Hoover's election and

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Smith's defeat were due to the simple fact that one was a Republican and the other a Democrat, and that "Hoover would have beat Coolidge if Coolidge had been running on the Democratic ticket."

Nevertheless, the gallant Governor struggled under many and terriffic campaign handicaps, of which his religion was by all odds the heaviest. Even Christ staggered under the burden of the cross, and Al Smith was only a man, and running on the Democratic ticket, at that. Without this burden he would still have lost, but with what a difference in the Electoral College! Thus, he would not have lost Virginia, Florida, North Carolina, Texas, or Tennessee. In addition he probably would have carried most, if not all, of the following: Missouri, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Maryland, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Arizona, and Nevada, and if he had carried all of them the vote in the Electoral College, instead of 444 to 87, would be 302 to 229, and Governor Smith would have been defeated by the defection of one State—New York!

The effect of the religious issue in the Southern States was obvious; the evidence of its potency in the West is almost as convincing. "Herbert Hoover ought to lay a wreath on the statue of Martin Luther!" exclaimed the Washington correspondent of a Western newspaper the morning after election. Minnesota, populated largely by German and Scandinavian Lutherans, is a conspicuous example of the point. Running for reelection was Senator Shipstead, on the ticket of the defunct Farmer-Labor Party. In other words, he was practically an independent candidate, without money or party organization. Opposed to him was the Republican candidate, supported by a powerful and smoothly functioning party organization, supplied with plenty of funds. On every single important issue, except prohibition, Shipstead's record and position was identical with the record and the position of Governor Smith. They were together on farm relief, power, Republican corruption, and foreign policy. What happened? Shipstead carried the State by 300,000 and Smith lost it by 100,000. Exactly the same state of affairs existed in North Dakota, where the Progressive Senator Frazier was reelected; in Washington, where Senator Dill won, and in Arizona, where Ashurst was reelected. Even more startling is the case of Wisconsin, which although wet and progressive like Smith, went for Hoover, while reelecting La Follette by the gigantic majority of 400,000—and that of Nebraska, which reelected the Progressive Howell, but despite Senator Norris's indorsement, turned Smith down decisively! The advantage which should have accrued from his stand on farm relief was completely nullified by the circumstance of his religion.

The accident of having been born a Catholic was but one of the Governor's "bad breaks" (I speak, of course, from the practical standpoint of getting votes). There was his radio manner. Undoubtedly an army of voters was influenced by the radio appearances of the candidates. As between Smith and Hoover, there is no doubt about which is the best platform speaker. Smith is very effective before an audience, and Hoover is simply terrible. Yet there is no doubt that over the radio Smith sounded terrible and Hoover sounded fine. The very emphasis and accentuation which adds to Smith's platform effectiveness, made him, over the radio, seem truculent and grating. The drollery which convulsed his personal audiences reached the radio listeners merely in the form of awkward and bewildering pauses. On the other hand, Hoover's deadly, even monotone, devoid of emphasis and almost of inflection, was perfectly adapted to clear radio transmission. Above all, it had "that dignified sound." And thus, incidentally, arises another consideration for convention managers of the future. "What sort of radio voice has he got?" will certainly be added to the list of vital tests.

Post-mortems are useful only in so far as they furnish a basis for future action. But every person who believes in genuinely democratic government, every person who sickens at the sham, smugness, and snobbery which pervade official life in Washington, and every person who loves candor, simplicity, and courage, will hope that Governor Smith's decision not to run for office again does not mean that he will refuse to take an active and vigorous part in the future discussion and settlement of public questions. He is only fifty-five, and only those who followed him through the exhausting, nerve-racking, back-breaking itinerary of the campaign can appreciate his amazing strength and vitality. In many ways, he is just coming into his full powers. During the campaign his stature increased almost from day to day. That is possible only with humble men, men like Smith, who are willing to learn.

As for President-elect Hoover—one may hope, one may pray, one may listen to his liberal defenders, but can one really believe? It is significant that the Washington correspondents, who have had eight years and endless opportunity to get acquainted with the Secretary of Commerce, were fanatically for Al Smith, almost to a man. Reporters who attended Candidate Hoover's press conferences, reporters who accompanied Candidate Hoover on his few campaign trips, reporters who were assigned to cover Hoover headquarters, came away burning to give their last drop of blood for the Smith cause. Most of them had never seen Governor Smith. But they had seen plenty of Candidate Hoover. One of their number, older and more reflective than the majority and speaking without passion, put it this way: "He's just as he always has been since I've known him—he hasn't a damned bit of respect for anybody's intellect except his own."

However, I think it is generally agreed that a subtle change became apparent in the President-elect about four years ago. He was no longer the brisk and hearty engineer of 1918-1919. It was about four years ago, or perhaps a little earlier, that he began to suspect Destiny of having an eye on him, and that the words, "My Place in History," seriously entered his thoughts. These two things clouded a clearer mind and warped a sharper intellect than Hoover's —those of Woodrow Wilson. Their effect on Mr. Hoover was depressing to those who once knew him as a man of blunt and forceful speech and a decidedly scientific cast of mind. His speech became distressingly like that of the late President Harding's heavier utterances, his actions became devious and unpredictable, and the scientific mind became wreathed in the gaudy clouds of Purpose, Service, and Destiny. This was just the sort of thing that never could happen to Al Smith—and you loved him for it.

I look for a White House Spokesman in the next four years who will be more oracular and diffuse than he of the last four, and withal, testier and more intolerant of criticisms of "my policies." Already the boys on the job at Palo Alto have been told that it is "undesirable" for them to speculate on the membership of the next Cabinet! It looks as if we are in for it. There's one consolation—you're all in the same boat.

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What's Wrong with *The Nation?*

By H. L. MENCKEN

THE main thing wrong with it, I believe, is that in its laudable progress from liberalism to libertarianism it occasionally hangs back and moos sadly, like a cow torn from its calf. I do not apologize for the simile: a cow is quite as good a man as a liberal. What ails liberalism, as a practical scheme of reform, is its naive and irrational belief in law, a superstition that has cursed the human race long enough. It is time, God knows, to get rid of it, that civilization may have a chance, and I naturally look to such enlightened and disreputable journals as *The Nation* to help along the process. But every time I begin to glow with hope *The Nation* comes out with kind words for some preposterous prohibitionist or other wowser, or with an editorial demanding insanely that Congress put down crime by forbidding the interstate shipment of pistols. What could be more disconcerting, more irritating, more muddy-headed, more absurd? To forbid the sale and shipment of pistols would be simply to take them away from honest men and arm all gunmen to the teeth, just as forbidding the sale of alcohol has closed all the honest, decent, sanitary saloons and given a monopoly to filthy speakeasies. Such aberrations, I confess, annoy me excessively. I react to them as I react to jazz, or to the soapy, voluptuous gurgle of Monsignor Manning. They impede my respiration and make me pitch and toss. When I encounter them in a paper I respect it is a sad day for me.

This belief in law, as I say, is one of the grand curses of the world. But liberals retain it with a horrible tenacity. Their politics is a game of discovering abuses and passing laws to put them down. They are forever advocating that someone be jailed. The perfect pattern of a liberal, subspecies Anglo-Saxon, was the late Woodrow Wilson, who was also the perfect pattern of a witch-burner: has it escaped notice that he sat for Rollin Kirby's eloquent portrait of Pastor Killjoy of the Anti-Saloon League? Fortunately for the human race, the science and art of Law Enforcement has broken down—in the United States, most spectacularly. It has been run into the ground by fanatics, and made magnificently ridiculous. So most liberals of any sense begin to wabble, and many of them turn to libertarianism. Libertarianism is the theory that men are happiest, not when they are rigorously policed, but when they are free—happiest, and safest. It is grounded upon the assumption that the normal man is actually normal, which is to say, decent and well-disposed, even though he may be stupid. It proceeds to the corollary that if this is not true, then nothing whatever can be done about it.

The Ku Klux Klan was a great liberal organization—perhaps the archetype of militant liberalism. It flung itself alike against the toryism of Rome and the radicalism of the emerging Aframerican. It was violently in favor of law enforcement, and devoted itself in particular to enforcing such laws as were inherently unenforceable. Every prowling Methodist parson in the land regards himself as a liberal, and with sound reason. Liberalism arose in England among the non-conformists, and they have been its chief supporters everywhere. Even the jehad against Al Smith that has just convulsed the republic was based upon liberal principles. It was, at least in theory, an attack upon the corruption and intransigence of the big cities. It was eminently pious, righteous, forward-looking, right-thinking. It was as pure in its ideology as the war against war. Nevertheless, it was vile.

But I have no commission to argue for libertarianism. It continues to be somewhat immoral, like nullification; moreover, it is rapidly making its way, and illustrious liberals are converted to it every day. My job is to suggest improvements in *The Nation.* I suggest only one, but it covers a great deal of ground. I propose that before *The Nation* give its approval and confidence to any American public man hereafter, it put him on ice for a year, remaining silent the while. Let him rest there quietly, proving his case. If, at the expiration of the test, it is not clearly demonstrated that he is a mountebank, then let him have his anointment. But if the evidence against him is plain, then let him be heaved into hell with the rest of them. My scheme would save embarrassments and repinings: I mention only the name of Borah. My prediction is that the ointment bill would be inconsiderable.

By public man, of course, I do not mean only politicians. The term takes in bishops; it takes in labor leaders; it takes in all the vast rabble of frauds that now preys upon the American people, cadging their money and promising them magical sticks of candy. The frauds ecclesiastical, indeed, seem to me to be far worse than the frauds political. They are bolder and more impudent; their takings are heavier; they last much longer. It has been one of my vices, for years, to read the denominational papers; at the present moment I am a subscriber to fifty of them. What is in them? For one thing, an endless bawling for money. For another thing, a raucous and malignant denunciation of everything that enlightened men hold to be honest and true. What the charlatans behind them screw out of the booboisie annually I don't know, but it must run to billions. Yet there is a convention that they must be treated politely in the press. Even *The Nation* treats most of them politely. I propose that it examine them more realistically—and more frequently.

The labor leaders, running from the fat heirs of old Sam Gompers at the top to the Socialists and Communists at the bottom, are quite as bad. I have been in active journalism for twenty-nine years, and during that time have known many hundreds of newspaper reporters, some of them intelligent. All newspaper reporters come into contact with labor leaders; the majority know scores. Well, I have never known or heard of a reporter who had any confidence in any of them. To the journalistic eye they are almost unanimously mountebanks. In every city room in the land they are pigeon-holed with the vice-crusaders, the prohibition agents, and the Methodist clergy. A few more or less honest fanatics, true enough, leaven the mass, but they are surely not many. I propose that *The Nation* scrutinize these prehensile fellows a bit more carefully—and a bit more frequently.

And so on, and so on. In sum, my belief is that *The Nation,* misled by its lingering liberal hallucinations, only

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too often yells up the wrong rain-spout. It labors under the delusion that the worst rogues are those who break laws. Why was the Ku Klux a public nuisance? Because it broke a few good laws? Hardly. It was a nuisance because it tried to enforce a multitude of bad laws. And behind it, both in the South and the Middle West, stood the body of evangelical clergy—law enforcers to a man, and public nuisances to a man. I think it might be very plausibly maintained that the crimes of the late Secretary Fall, as grave as they seemed, were vastly less dangerous to the common weal than any one of a dozen decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, upholding law enforcement and mauling the Bill of Rights. Fall and his friends got very little, and what they missed will be wasted anyhow. But the single decision in the wiretapping case will be a burden and an affront to every decent American citizen for half a century.

So I propose a moratorium on acknowledged rascals for a while, and a more scientific examination of the virtuous. The United States is not materially damaged by its Falls and Sinclairs; they are mainly comic characters, with touches of pathos. But what is to be said of a Senator who pauses in his denunciation of their banal rogueries to swallow the infinitely worse corruptions of the Anti-Saloon League, with its pious condonings of blackmail, burglary, assault, and murder, and its frenzied war upon every right that men have fought for for a thousand years?

Have We Recognized Soviet Russia?

By MAURICE FONTAINE

RECOGNITION of the Soviet Government was not discussed by either of the major parties in the recent campaign. It was ignored in the party platforms and by the party orators. Even Senator Borah, in his forensic enthusiasm for Mr. Hoover, forgot to revive a question to which he had previously attached great importance. Governor Smith, by silence at least, lent consent to the policy of non-recognition. Both candidates remained uncommitted up to election day. Presumably, therefore, the President-elect is free to continue or to reverse this refusal to recognize a government which has existed in Moscow for eleven years. At least, this would be the presumption were it not for certain events which recently transpired, unnoticed by the American press, preoccupied with the excitements of World's Series and the Presidential campaign. At this calmer moment these events deserve belated consideration.

On August 31 the Soviet Government handed to the French Ambassador in Moscow, M. Herbette, a document signifying its adherence to the Pact of Paris, known in America as the Kellogg Treaty. In due course this document was delivered by the French Embassy in Washington to the Department of State. Acknowledgment of its receipt was made by Secretary of State Kellogg in a statement to the press on October 3.

On October 15 M. Herbette called at the Foreign Office in Moscow and delivered to the Acting Commissar of Foreign Affairs, Litvinov, two official copies of the Pact of Paris, in English and French, bearing the signature of Secretary of State Kellogg. In discharging this mission, according to the official *Isvestia* of October 16, "M. Herbette declared that the delivery of these copies signifies the acceptance of the Soviet act of adherence. *The obligation of the Government of the United States, provided in Article III of the pact, has been fulfilled.*"

What obligation had the Government of the United States undertaken which had to be fulfilled by the visit of M. Herbette to the Soviet Foreign Office? M. Herbette refers us to Article III of the pact. This article establishes Washington as the depository of the treaty and of subsequent instruments of ratification and adherence. It is as the guardian of the treaty that certain obligations devolve upon the Government of the United States. One of these is set forth in the following clause of Article III:

> It shall be the duty of the Government of the United States to furnish each government named in the preamble and every government subsequently adhering to this treaty with a certified copy of the treaty and of every instrument of ratification or adherence.

For some time to come, it appears, M. Herbette will be busy running to the Foreign Office in Moscow as messenger boy for Mr. Kellogg; because the United States must likewise furnish the Soviet Government with certified copies of every instrument of ratification or adherence—and Mr. Kellogg expects all the world to ratify and adhere.

What is the significance of this transmission of official documents from Moscow to Washington through French diplomatic pouches? Simply this: The Government of the United States, having received the adherence of the Soviet Government, found itself constrained, under the terms of the treaty, to call in the French Government and say:

"We have received an instrument of adherence from a government at Moscow. According to Article III of the treaty, it is our duty to furnish certified copies of the treaty to every adhering government. We have no embassy in Moscow. Will you be so good, therefore, as to deliver on our behalf to the government in Moscow these copies of the treaty, duly signed and certified by the Secretary of State."

This is an imaginary colloquy. But some such request must have been made by the State Department; otherwise the actions and remarks of M. Herbette are unaccountable. Paraphrased in any imaginable terms, the State Department must have requested the French Government to deliver a document to a government at Moscow. This is the irreducible essence of the matter. Perhaps the State Department could not bring its lips to form the unaccustomed syllables of the complete official designation of the Government of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; but at least it must have referred to a government, a government existing in Moscow, whence it had received an instrument of adherence and to which it must deliver a copy of the treaty, an actual government coming within the definition of that word as it appears in Article III of the treaty. This is the significance of M. Herbette's explanatory remark on October 15. The American Government had incurred an obligation toward the Soviet Government, and had fulfilled that obligation. If that be recognition—make the most of it.

Perhaps it was not recognition—either *de facto* or *de*

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jure. But at least it was unprecedented for the State Department, even in its most secret thoughts, to envisage the existence of a government at Moscow. And how much more significant for it to send messages to that government through M. Herbette. Secretary Kellogg, no doubt, would contend that this does not constitute recognition, which, as we understand Mr. Kellogg's theory, is a matter of intent. By this theory, you cannot stumble into recognition of a government merely by thinking of its existence; not even by the accident that you and it become parties to the same treaty. It all depends upon intent. And certainly no one will say that the State Department intended to recognize the Soviet Government when it sent M. Herbette, bearing treaties, to the Moscow Foreign Office. That was a pure formality, a technicality involved in Article III of the Pact of Paris, a duty which the United States has to perform with respect to "every government subsequently adhering" —any and every government whether recognized or not.

It is rumored that certain American Senators, fearing lest the ratification of a treaty between the United States and the Soviet Union might be construed as recognition, will urge a reservation expressly disclaiming that intent. But the Senators' fears arise from another section of Article III, which says:

> Every instrument evidencing the adherence of a power shall be deposited at Washington and the treaty shall immediately upon such deposit become effective as between the power thus adhering and the other parties hereto.

From which it appears that the Senate, by ratifying the treaty, approves the establishment of treaty relations between the U. S. A. and the USSR. The Soviet Government has already completed its part in these formalities. The instrument of adherence transmitted from Moscow to Washington was ratified on August 29 by a resolution of the Presidium of the Central Executive Committee of the Union, fulfilling the requirements of the Soviet Constitution with respect to treaty-making. In this the Soviet Government was the first Power to give constitutional ratification to the treaty, a necessary formality which has not yet been completed by any of the original contracting parties.

It is the anomaly of seeming to ratify a treaty with an unrecognized government which may compel some Senators to demand a reservation announcing that the treaty does not mean what it says it means with respect to the Soviet Government. This may ease the conscience of the Senate, but it will not affect the events of the past few months— the deposit of Soviet documents in Washington and the errand of M. Herbette to the Moscow Foreign Office. The Senate may ratify the treaty with its fingers crossed in the direction of Moscow. But the act of recognition, unlike treaty-making, is not a prerogative of the Senate, and does not require Senate approval. The State Department bestows recognition as it pleases, and in its own fashion, without benefit of Senate. If there is any significance in the visit of M. Herbette to the Soviet Foreign Office on October 15, and in his remarks on that occasion, it will not be affected by Senate reservations. This thing actually happened, albeit obscured by the smoke and noise of a Presidential campaign which did not consider the question of Soviet recognition worth discussing.

The incident might be ignored as unimportant were it not for what happened in the recognition of the Chinese Nationalist Government. On July 25, 1928, the American Minister in Peking signed a tariff treaty with representatives of the Nationalist Government. Up to that date the United States had not recognized the Government at Nanking; nor was it understood that signature of the tariff treaty constituted full recognition. *De facto* recognition had been accorded, but nothing more. Complete *de jure* recognition, Mr. Kellogg explained, was a matter of intent. On September 27, however, two months later, the State Department announced that its legal experts, after mature deliberation, had decided that the signature of the tariff treaty on July 25 had in fact constituted complete *de jure* recognition as of that date, and that no further formal declaration would be necessary. The United States had been fully recognizing the new Chinese Government for two months and no one knew it. According to the State Department, the recognition of the Chinese Government was discovered by the legal experts to have occurred on July 25, although Mr. Kellogg apparently did not know of it until two months later. The discovery of an intent two months after the act would be the function of a psychoanalyst rather than a lawyer. But let this pass. The Nanking Government was recognized, and the Nationalist flag burgeoned on the Chinese legation in Washington. Evidently recognition, whether by intent or by the interpretation of legal experts, can happen almost imperceptibly. It can happen and pass unobserved for two months. On October 9, President Coolidge signalized the new state of affairs by sending a cable to the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Nanking, felicitating the Chinese people upon the anniversary of the establishment of the Republic.

This brings us back to the President-elect. In the matter of relations with the Soviet Union he is uncommitted either by platform pledges or by campaign promises. Whether M. Herbette's visit to the Foreign office in Moscow has in any way committed him may be left to the future deliberations of the State Department's legal experts. It is probably entirely a matter of intent. And yet the silent and almost invisible manner in which Chinese recognition came about invites interesting speculation. If the new President, for any reason, desires the establishment of diplomatic relations with Moscow, he may conveniently discover that the matter has already been attended to and requires no further formality. It may be that the United States has in fact fully recognized the Government of the USSR ever since October 15. In which case, it will be quite in order for the President of the United States to send a cable next November 7 to the Commissar of Foreign Affairs, felicitating the citizens of the Soviet Union upon the anniversary of their Revolution.

In the Driftway

WHILE the United States has been in a state of political eruption, spouting up finally in a lava of votes a man by the name of Hoover and dropping him through the roof of the White House, another upheaval has been taking place in Italy with processes as spectacular and difficult to understand. In Italy old Etna has been having one of its periodic coughing spells, and inhabitants of the mountainside have seen their homes and vineyards buried under a stream of molten stone, moving with agonizing deliberation but relentless power. Those in the path of this stream of lava have had to abandon their homes and

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livelihood and flee for their lives, as periodically others have fled for centuries. At one eruption—perhaps not centuries but several years ago—the Drifter happened to be on the scene. He was not camping out on the volcano waiting for an eruption—even a Drifter lacks such patience—but was visiting a mountain village some twenty miles away. Etna is the most impressive mountain the Drifter has ever seen. There are many higher peaks, but generally they rise from surrounding heights which account for most, or much, of their total altitude above sea-level. Etna rises, solitary and sheer, for almost two miles out of a valley practically at sea-level. The volcano is an almost perfect cone on a base twenty-five miles in diameter. The upper reaches are covered with snow even in summer. Mongibello is the Sicilians' name for the volcano—a combination of *monte*, the Italian, and *jebel*, the Arabic word for mountain. This putting together the two nouns expresses the Sicilians' respect for Etna.

* * * * *

NOTHING could have been more peaceful than Mongibello on the afternoon of the Drifter's arrival in his nearby village. Seemingly the mountain was the same sleeping beauty it had been since the last previous eruption. But the next morning the crater was enveloped in a vapor which toward afternoon became dense black smoke rising skyward like a funnel. Word went round the village: "L'Etna fuma! L'Etna fuma!" Rumblings, like distant cannon fire, could be heard even twenty miles away. But we had no way of knowing whether lava was flowing. "Wait until night," said the excited Sicilians. "Then, if lava is flowing, it will show red in the darkness." So interest increased toward dusk, and then we saw what looked like an immense bonfire, glowing red and yellow and now and then flaring up as if someone had thrown on fresh brush. When we considered that the burning patch in the darkness was twenty miles away, we realized that it was a roaring furnace and what looked like gentle flickers were in fact huge masses of molten lava spouted many feet into the air.

* * * * *

CERTAIN then that the volcano was in eruption, the Drifter and a friend started early next morning for a closer view. They intended to leave the railway at Giarre, a city in the path of the present lava stream, but by a traveler's mistake were carried five miles beyond. This delayed them somewhat, and nightfall found them still toiling up the slope afoot. They slept in a workman's shack, used ordinarily only as a day shelter, and were wakened frequently by a shiver of the earth which rattled the timbers of their hut. In the morning they reached the lava-bank, ten to twenty feet high. The flow had ceased and a gray crust had formed over the surface, making it possible to approach within a few feet without feeling the heat. The lava looked inert and harmless and the Drifter's companion poked the bank with his walking-stick. When he withdrew the stick a second later, a red hole glowed beyond and the ferule of the cane had been melted off.

* * * * *

WHY do people continue to live on the slopes of this mountain which every few years sweeps away their all? For the same reasons, the Drifter supposes, that boys in fishing villages go to sea and the sons of miners to burrow in the bowels of the earth. With most people occupation, like place of residence, is an accident.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Catholics and Birth Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* there appears a letter from Margaret Sanger, containing statements alleged to have been made by a "Father P. J. Ward of the National Catholic Welfare Council of Washington, D. C." As I am the only person of this name on the headquarters staff of the National Catholic Welfare Conference (not Council) I presume Mrs. Sanger refers to me. I am not a priest, however.

The statements attributed to me and given by Mrs. Sanger in quotation were never made by me and are not a definition of "the attitude of the Catholic church concerning the morals and habits of non-Catholics."

About two and one-half years ago an official of the American Birth Control League came to the offices of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and, without disclosing her identity, asked for information on the attitude of the Catholic church toward birth control. She explained she was a non-Catholic. Toward the end of the conversation, which was more or less a desultory one, she disclosed, in reply to a question from me, that she was an official of the American Birth Control League.

A few days afterward this lady returned to my office with a typewritten statement, prepared by her, purporting to be a report of our conversation. It was an erroneous and misleading report and the statements therein were not a true record of the conversation. I so informed her and expressly gave her to understand it could not be taken as a statement of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. It was simply a garbled and distorted version of a conversation, written by a Birth Control League official.

When the American Birth Control League circulated this report in March, 1926, it was officially repudiated by the general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, in a letter to Mrs. Sanger.

The circumstances under which the representative of the American Birth Control League came to the National Catholic Welfare Conference headquarters, without having made any appointment, the hiding of her identity as an official of the League until actually taxed with it; the preparation of a report which the American Birth Control League made every effort to have me indorse, all suggest that the whole thing was arranged for purposes of birth-control propaganda. The use of this report in the present instance is convincing proof that such was the case.

Washington, D. C., November 2 PATRICK J. WARD,
Director, Bureau of Publicity and Information

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The typewritten statement of the conversation our legislative secretary had with Mr. Patrick J. Ward was submitted to him on March 2, 1926, for amendment or correction. In a letter dated March 4, 1926, Mr. Ward wrote to the legislative secretary of the American Birth Control League: " . . . there is one statement in paragraph two of 'Facts Brought Out in the Interview' which escaped my attention and which I would ask you to correct. 'Marriage without the desire and responsibility of parenthood and not lived in strict continence is adultery' should be 'Marriage without the desire and responsibility of parenthood and not lived in strict continence is *im-*

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moral and sinful.' . . . I shall be glad if you will make this correction."

The original report submitted to Mr. Ward was entitled: "Report of an Interview with Mr. P. J. Ward of the National Catholic Welfare Council. (Mr. Ward is directing the organized work against Birth Control and has the authority to speak on this matter for the entire Council.)" Nevertheless, the only change or correction made in this respect at that time is the one referred to above.

On April 21, 1926, Rev. John J. Burke, general secretary of the Catholic organization, asked for a further correction of the mimeographed report, stating that the National Catholic Welfare Conference "has not had to come out in the open, but has been in the open ever since the first efforts were made to amend the present Federal Penal Code which forbids the United States mails to be used for carrying contraceptive information. Kindly make this correction."

In view of repeated opportunities to correct our report, the present repudiation of his statements by Mr. Ward is rather belated.

Both officials were given the opportunity to deny the statement that I quoted: "It is her duty [the Church's] to interfere and block all legislation that will adversely affect the morals of non-Catholics as well as Catholics, etc." Neither has ever done so.

New York City, November 5 MARGARET SANGER

Science and Religion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You are right in stating that aside from Sir Oliver Lodge and fellow-spiritualists science can make no claim to especial knowledge in the field of religion. However, when high-school instructors and those whose whole knowledge of science has been obtained from the Haldeman-Julius publications, *The Mercury*, and the Sunday supplement are so emphatic that the scientific mind has no room for religion, are not the confessions of faith of the scholars quoted both justified and valuable from the negative viewpoint at least? Science is quoted as calling religion "bunk." Cannot science deny?

TRESCOTT T. ABELE

Townsend Harbor, Massachusetts, October 24

For Chicago Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Nation Club of Chicago meets every second and fourth Tuesday of the month at the Morrison Hotel. Here in Chicago we have a wealth of talent available in the way of speakers to make our gatherings interesting and intellectually stimulating. Our program committee is busy arranging far in advance meetings for speakers active in various fields, political, educational, literary, and dramatic.

We cordially invite all readers of *The Nation* in the Chicago area to join with us. The officers of the club are: President, Max Alper, 1532 North Kedzie Avenue; secretaries, Louis B. Cella, 127 North Mayfield Avenue, and Anna Cadkin, 5706 Wentworth Avenue.

Chicago, November 1 LOUIS B. CELLA

The Croatian Crown

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article entitled Jugoslavia at the Cross-Roads which you printed in your issue of September 19 contains an historical error, "From 1102, when, on the extinction of the Croat dynasty, Croatia entered into a 'personal union' with Hungary, the Magyar rulers became *ipso facto* kings of Croatia." So far is this from being the case that the Kotromanics dynasty reigned over Bosnia, Croatia, and the various countries constituting Western Jugoslavia uninterruptedly from 1163 to 1463, when the Turks at last succeeded in overrunning the country. The last Kotromanic king made good his escape, and the family established itself in Russia.

The Iron Crown of Croatia was last worn by a Kotromanic. It is still preserved jealously by the Croats in Agram and they refused to hand it over to the Karageorge dynasty which at present reigns in Belgrade. In my presence, as it happens, a representative of the Croatian people not later than a few weeks ago formally admitted that this crown belonged to the Kotromanic dynasty in the person of its last living representative, Prince Alexander Dabisha-Kotromanic, who is a resident in Berlin. The Prince is a descendant in direct line of succession from the last king. His claims to the throne of his forebears are being put forward effectively just now.

The "certainty" with which Mr. G. E. R. Gedye asserts that "none of the leaders of the Croat revolt against Belgrade dreams of cutting adrift from Serbia" is merely evidence of a somewhat superficial judgment. It is evident that, with Serbian police and military in charge in Agram, the Agram leaders are not likely to proclaim from the housetops their full and ultimate intentions. That declaration will come in due time when it will be possible to back words by deeds.

Berlin, September 25 GEOFFREY FRASER

The War Song

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A "song plugger" who has attained a modest success in the theater may be as little expert as professional diplomats in gauging the social implications of "The War Song" current at the National Theater. But because of my great delight in participating in the proceedings, I am bound to testify that this curious play by the Spewacks has had upon at least one person connected with the undertaking a profoundly moving effect.

I speak, of course, out of a great ignorance of the textbook conception of social virtues. After all, one who has busied himself with writing and singing, in a small way, the nation's songs could not have been concerned too much with these elements that make for hatred and bitterness and distrust in the heart of man. Enough that he sang a little and made glad the heart a little—if he did.

But now, for the first time in my life, am I struck by the tremendous importance of the sort of thing we are doing on the stage of the National. "The War Song" presents a viewpoint on war that is certainly much this side of idolatry. It is not weighted down, to be sure, with the dead hand of propaganda, but it certainly portrays the senseless, futile recompenses war seeks to make for love of home, true love of country, and love of humanity.

That this is being done in a spirit of gentle irony and laughter, with here and there an indication of the tragic consequences of war, is, of course, I hope, no detraction from the sincerity with which "The War Song" is being presented. The laughter may not be Olympian (your correspondent and the authors may be more acquainted with Mt. Sinai or the Hill of Golgotha), but it is certainly out of hearts that beat with a generous wisdom.

Though our play deals with war, there is no hate in it. If I may say so, though we are in it, we are somewhat above the battle. If I know anything about such things, "The War Song" has clarity, urbanity, and wit. Having said so much, out of a glad heart, I shall say no more.

New York, October 7 GEORGE JESSEL

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Books, Music, Plays

This Week

On Reviewing Books for Children

IT is, of course, impossible to review children's books. One can describe them and thrust them into convenient classifications for the relief of floundering parents and uncles and aunts. More than that is risky and usually absurd. It is as if some superperson from the fourth-dimensional world of Mr. Wells were to step across that shadowy borderline and begin writing reviews of Mr. Wells's books. Think how embarrassing—for Mr. Wells and for the rest of us! "But we *like* Mr. Wells," we would insist piteously. "Some of his books. Do let us keep 'Mr. Polly.' You can have 'William Clissold' and all of Mr. Wells's religions if you want." "I am sorry," the superperson would reply, "but you mustn't like them—not any of them. The novels of H. G. Wells are puerile, beneath the contemptuous notice of intelligent beings. Now Proust is better, if you must have novels; and, in the field of serious speculation, Einstein is a reputable thinker. Tentative, of course, floundering, but still reaching out. . . ."

So with children's books. We may approve this one and banish that, we may say that Howard Pyle wrote delightful tales and that Alger wrote nonsense. We may invent categories and attempt to set standards. All our efforts will appear irrelevant and often irritating to the beings of the world we have, half unconsciously, drifted out of. The best we can do is to accept humbly enough the verdict of children on books they have read and salt away what wisdom we can for reference in the Christmas shopping season.

One of the bits of wisdom I have learned is that categories do not exist for children—except perhaps such casual divisions as Books I Like and Books I Hate, or Books I Want to Read and Books I Have to Read. I can remember, for instance, my favorites at two or three different periods. When I was ten or twelve I liked better than any other books "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." But I also consumed Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood," the Uncle Remus stories, a selection of ten-cent thrillers, the milky charms of Louisa M. Alcott, "Alice in Wonderland," and—with an almost anthropological zest—Hamlin Garland's "Boy Life on the Prairie." When I was in high school I read everything written by Jane Austen, all the novels of George Meredith, and also, with a passionate thirst, the works of Robert W. Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, and Anthony Hope. I am certain that these books, in spite of the judgments of my elders, were to me merely unclassified pleasures. They fell into no categories of major and minor, no divisions as to kind and method, manner and style. I simply liked them. Tentacles of curiosity and emotional need reached out and gathered them in to certain dim ends of satisfaction and delight. This promiscuous attitude of children was illustrated by a comment my nine-year-old son made to me the other day. I urged upon him the virtues of a certain book. "Well," he said, "I bet it isn't as good as 'Winnie-the-Pooh' or 'Trains, Tracks, and Travel.' "

—By Boris Artzybasheff from "The Fairy Shoemaker"

Children should review children's books. This is largely impossible since most children not only decline to classify but remain stubbornly inarticulate about the reasons for their likes and dislikes. They label books with appropriate epithets—"interesting," "exciting," "slow"—and consider the job of criticism done. Perhaps it is; perhaps all criticism is only an elaboration of those words; in any case they are all we shall get from them. The best we can hope to do, then, is to listen to the opinions of those elders who have listened most attentively to the opinions of children. Some parents, some teachers, some librarians, a few writers who are none of these, have been wise enough to suppress their own critical dogmas and forget their own preferences. They have set down, and perhaps tried to analyze for wider use, the preferences of those who must ultimately be the consumers of books written for children. But even they must not be taken too seriously!

FREDA KIRCHWEY

This Year's Crop

I WAS brought up on Palmer Cox's Brownies, and Tenniel's pictures for Alice, Linley Sambourne's illustrations for Water Babies, and Doré's Dante: strange and hardy fare that still keeps its flavor. But for all that, the picture books of the nineties compare with 1928's, as the single bitter but exciting grapefruit of Sunday breakfast then compares with the monstrous, tropically sweet and yellow offerings of every day in the week now.

True, this year, as usual, there are a number of undistinguished, false, and gawdy picture books, with insipid tales inside and rhymes that are worse than chopsticks played on an out-of-tune piano. The illusion dies hard with some publishers that a would-be author who has nothing to say to adults and no glamorous words to his bow can always earn victuals by a book for "the kiddies." But the bad books do not matter.

There are so many good ones this year, so many which are not only distinguished contributions in themselves but portents of better and better things next year, that in this one field at least I believe the dull will perish, and beauty shine.

The new lists are full of experiment: the cheaper books, within their limitations, have been made with the same feeling for line and design, humor and savor of text, as the expensive ones. The children's books in the five-and-ten-cent stores are still without style and spirit; but the cheaper counters of the department stores will carry thousands of the Macmillan fifty-cent books. "Three Little Kittens" in that series, by Kurt Wiese, begins to show the freedom in playing with typography and bold use of yellow, green, and purple ink that makes European picture books, especially the Russian ones, so amusing. Mary Lott Seaman's "Golden Goose," in the same series, is another bolt from conventional treatment. The artists are beginning to have fun on these jobs, and this is the beginning of health in any creative field.

Neither of these compares with Peggy Bacon's "Mercy and the Mouse" (Macmillan, $2) or Wanda Gag's "Millions of Cats" (a tale that will last as long as Grimm

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or Anderson), but the social significance of such yeasty efforts in the cheaper books is bound to alter the base of children's book publishing. It induces technical experiment on a large scale, it joins and encourages the schoolbook publishers who are considering the possibility of color printing. Those children who are slow to the word and pricked by graphic representation will have yet their full measure of schooling.

Peggy Bacon has followed her "The Lion-Hearted Kitten" of last year with a tale of careerist adventure about a kitten who was "soft and gray like the dust under the bed, with eyes like huckleberries and whiskers like a thistle." Mercy had charm and S. A. to start with, of course, but the story of her cunning rise from cellar to parlor is told with the saltiness of Aesop. I promise you that no child who is introduced early enough to Mercy will live to believe all the personality stuff in the *American Magazine*. Nor will Nell Brinkley take any of the attention of a child bred to look at the amazing family scenes in which Mercy moves. Peggy Bacon's second book this fall is "Songs for New Voices" ($5), a group of poems chosen by Louis Untermeyer, for which David and Clara Mannes have selected the music. Harcourt, Brace are to be congratulated on the book not only as a contribution to the musical education of the next generation, but as a piece of book-making. They seem to have made no stipulations with the artist, but left her entirely free to decorate rather than illustrate the book, and the result has been another mile-post passed in American book-making.

—By Helen Sewall from "Menagerie"

"Millions of Cats" (Coward, McCann, $1.25) is as important as the librarians say it is. Not only does it bring to book-making one of the most talented and original of American lithographers, an artist who has a following both here and abroad, but it is a marriage of picture and tale that is perfectly balanced. And the story pattern, so cunningly devised with such hearty and moral simplicity, is told in a prose as skilful as jingle. "Cats here, cats there, cats and kittens everywhere, hundreds of cats, thousands of cats, millions and billions and trillions of cats." Easily the best novel since Cinderella, in that genre.

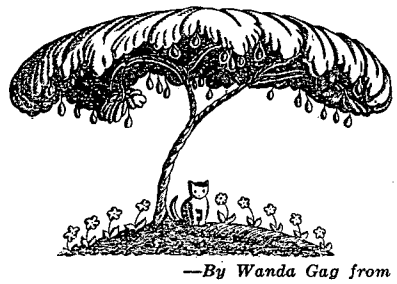
Lou Rogers in her "The Rise of the Red Alders" (Harper's, $2.50) make another hearty contribution to children's literature; and again there is that happy, firm-knit quality about the book that comes from having text and pictures done by a two-handed talent. It is a pleasure, too, to have a book for children into which the author has poured all her knowledge of the world, so that, really, what Lou Rogers has learned in suffrage campaigns and on soap-boxes and in tenements and on Connecticut hills enriches the beaver society, with its plots, complots, and wars that she writes about with such swiftness and warmth.

—By Peggy Bacon from "Mercy and the Mouse"

"City Stories" (Macmillan, $2), told by the Lincoln School children, and edited by two of their teachers, is an interesting experiment, and is equally appealing to the young and to their parents. Jacket and end papers are by child artists and the illustrations by Helene Carter. I was astonished to discover that the children had such fine ears and such relish for city noises, and a talent for inventing words to record that relish. This book is by far the best I know which tells about modern city life, simply.

Longmans, Green have republished "The Pig Tale of Ah Lee Ben Lou" ($3.50) and other tales by John Bennett whose "Master Skylark" is classic, a big thick book with the old lively silhouettes by the author; and David MacKay has given new life to "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" ($2.50) by adding Arthur Rackham illustrations and making a magnificent book. I expected not to like it, but the illustrations are simpler than Rackham has lately seemed to be, less sugar and fewer twined lines. James Daugherty's illustrated edition of Irving's "Knickerbocker History" (Doubleday, Doran, $3) is another payment of effective homage to a classic.

Collectors of children's books, and in Europe there are as many connoisseurs of these as of old lace, will not miss "Ghond the Hunter" (Dutton, $2.50), by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, a tale of birds and beasts in the jungle and in Hindu villages, and "The Fairy Shoemaker" (Macmillan, $2), by William Allingham, which also includes poems by Walter de la Mare and "The Forsaken Merman," by Matthew Arnold. Both are illustrated by the designs of Boris Artzybasheff, which continue to remind one of fine things like old Castilian tortoise-shell combs, gold brooches of the Renaissance, and cobwebs at morning.



—By Wanda Gag from "Millions of Cats"

Berta and Elmer Hader's pictures for Cornelia Meigs's "The Wonderful Locomotive" (Macmillan, $2) have a thoroughly American flavor. Helen Sewell's beautiful designs for "Menagerie" (Macmillan, $2), a collection of rather bread-and-butter animal poems by Mary Britton Miller, are as fine as Artzybasheff's and have more warmth. Miss Sewell is already well known for her etchings. One by one the best artists of the day are making books. Importations, like Harper's editions of Elsa Beskow's tales for Swedish children, further enrich the shelves.

There has never been any broad market in America for prints. But a generation of children served as this one is being served, may develop new sensibilities.

ERNESTINE EVANS

Poems for Children

The Land of Dreams. Twenty Poems by William Blake. Selected and Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A Book of Nonsense. Verse, Prose, and Pictures. Collected by Ernest Rhys. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

Jane, Be Good! By Isaiah C. Howes. With a Foreword by Jane Garey Barus. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

The Children Sing in the Far West. By Mary Austin. With Drawings by Gerald Cassidy. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

I HAVE to go on the theory that poems which are good for children are good for adults, and that while the reverse cannot be altogether true it is nevertheless true within the limits set by the experience and comprehension of children—whatever those limits are. In other words, I am unwilling to say of a given poem written for children that while I do not like it myself I can conceive of its being suited to its purpose. There would be no end to concession that way, and there would be, I think, no end of harm done. Undoubtedly many children prefer bad poetry to good, just as most adults do. But this does not mean that anyone, old or young, should surrender his judgment. And I suspect that in the world of good poetry there is no clear distinction between youth and age.

When, for instance, is one expected to cease enjoying Blake's "Songs of Innocence," from which Pamela Bianco's selection is taken; or when to begin enjoying them? I do not know. I only know that they are among the best of English poems, and that since they are simple, at least on the surface, they must be good for children as well as for the scholars who happen to be so busy these days finding evidence that Blake

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MACMILLAN BOOKS for BOYS and GIRLS

THE WHITE CAT
By Comtesse D'Aulnoy
Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry
Edited by Rachel Field.

In France, and with memories of a childhood in France, this distinguished illustrator completed her work for these famous French fairy tales. A beautiful gift book with eight full pages printed in delicate colors, and many pen drawings. $3.50

THE ROAD TO CATHAY
By Merriam Sherwood and Elmer Mantz
Illustrated by William Siegel

The journeys of four great medieval explorers in the Orient, woven into one story of adventure and travel. There are three colored maps of these journeys. $3.50

The Wonderful Locomotive
By Cornelia Meigs
Illustrated by
Berta and Elmer Hader

Peter wasn't very large, but he drove the old No. 44 across the continent. $2.00

The Land of Dreams
By William Blake
Illustrated by Pamela Bianco

The artist has selected her favorite poems from Blake and illustrated them with charm and understanding. $2.00

Andy Breaks Trail
By
Constance Lindsay Skinner
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drew in them the first mature lines of his philosophy. I know, too, that I was bored by Pamela Bianco's silly prefatory letter to "Dear Mr. Blake" explaining why she executed the volume; and suspect therefore that it will bore the kind of children I like. The illustrations, though thin and mannered, are by no means silly. But they could not quite make me forget the letter to Mr. Blake.

Mr. Rhys's "Book of Nonsense" places me again on safe ground, for surely it is safe to praise the poems of Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, and Mother Goose. The question, however, is whether this is a good collection for children. My answer, since it gave me great delight, is that it is. I know no other collection of the kind which is so rich in both poems and pictures, and which is so perfectly printed. Edward Lear's absolutely outrageous drawings are here as well as his absolutely foolish limericks. We get Lewis Carroll, unfortunately, without Tenniel; but get in a later section fresh wealth in the form of two German works by Heinrich Hoffmann, brightly translated and charmingly garnished with what I take to be Teutonic illustrations; and get to boot some of Munchausen's tales in prose, besides pages of miscellanies too varied to describe.

As to the new books judgment is more difficult—or would be if I did not pursue my own prejudices through them. "Jane, Be Good!" arouses, with its crude, preposterous drawings and its ultra-simple verses, my prejudice in favor of absurdity. It is on the plane of absurdity, I fancy, that child and adult can most profitably meet—and who is there to say that this whole question of poetry for children is not simply a question as to how old and young readers may manage to agree? Mrs. Austin's volume seems to me to succeed best in those portions where she has forgotten her purpose, which was, beginning forty years ago when she taught school in the West, to provide for her pupils native poems that kept "the child's approach and the child's feeling for the movement proper to his thought." My suspicion is that no one is wise enough to do such a thing. At any rate, I find Tamalpais, In Papagueria, Dead Water, Seven Rhyming Riddles, and the group of Indian Songs altogether worthy of their very gifted author, whereas I am not attracted by those other pieces in which she has labored to "keep the child's approach."

MARK VAN DOREN

Mother Goose

willy pogany's mother goose. Thomas Nelson and Sons. $4.
Mother Goose Moving Pictures. By C. F. Pritchard. Illustrated by Stacy H. Wood. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
Mother Goose Circus Parade. By C. F. Pritchard and W. C. White. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

AFTER I had examined these large, splendid, brightly illustrated volumes I turned to a little book less than six inches square, a facsimile published nearly a quarter of a century ago of the first edition of "The Only True Mother Goose Melodies, without addition or abridgment, embracing, also, a reliable Life of the Goose Family, never before published," which volume first made its appearance ninety-five years ago. And for two hundred years before that children had been soothed with rhymes of Little Jack Horner and Little Boy Blue, of Taffy who was both a Welshman and a thief, and of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt who so successfully arranged their domestic affairs. Contemporary endeavors to improve on these verses, which have become as deeply interwoven into common life as has Ecclesiastes, are always a little pathetic. Let them be as highly colored as they may, they are the old verses still. They will never be any better, for they do not need to be, and they have an integrity and permanence that forbids them ever to be any worse.

This is not to say that pictures may not sometimes be illuminating and desirable. Mr. Pogany has a portrait of Miss Cross Patch sitting by the fire that should make any child more cheerful—or rather, as an awful example, less cross. And by contrary, his Curly Locks, who was required neither to wash dishes nor feed the swine, is depicted seated on a very large, very downy cushion, with a ravishing plate of strawberries and cream at her left elbow. Of the great class of handsome books, this one is unusually satisfying. The other two books are games with Mother Goose rhymes—moving-picture cut-outs for the proverbial rainy day and a history of a circus whose performers are characters from Mistress Goose's troupe.

D. V. D.

Adventure

The Conquest of Montezuma's Empire. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.
Wulmoth the Wanderer. By H. Escott-Inman. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.
Tartan Tales from Andrew Lang. Edited by Bertha L. Gunterman. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.
Knights of Charlemagne. By Ula W. Echols. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.
Edwy the Fair. By A. D. Crake. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.
Bradford on Mt. Washington. By Bradford Washburn, Jr. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Halsey in the West Indies. By Halsey Fuller. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Martin Johnson, Lion Hunter. By Fitzhugh Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Andy Breaks Trail. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.
Lenape Trails. By Clifton Lisle. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

ADVENTURE! That high life, that soaring of spirit! But probably the lowest possible ebb of spirits comes while one examines the adventure books of the current season for boys and girls. For most of them there is a set formula compounded of a fair proportion of life on the bounding waves, pirates, the high road, warfare, loot, murder, with a dash of love, honor, and mystery. Historical backgrounds or action set in another country give a special value to a few of the books, chiefly because the pioneer periods in history have fired the imagination of the children of our over-civilized age and they rejoice in tales of earlier and more strenuous times.

Among these are the romantic if harsh tales of the "Knights of Charlemagne" by Ula W. Echols, and the "Tartan Tales from Andrew Lang," also warlike; the ecclesiastically tinged tale of "Edwy the Fair" of Saxon England during the raids of the Danes by A. D. Crake, and of "Wulmoth the Wanderer," of the same setting, by H. Escott-Inman; and Andrew Lang's "The Conquest of Montezuma's Empire," a fiery tale of early Mexico vigorously illustrated by James Daugherty. To all of these writers adventure comes in the shape of an armored warrior atop a swift riding horse.

"Lenape Trails," by Clifton Lisle, and "Andy Breaks Trail," by Constance Lindsay Skinner, have a frontier background of our own country. "Halsey of the West Indies" and "Bradford on Mt. Washington" are two of the latest additions to the Putnam juveniles written by authors under a prescribed age limit. They have the merit of freshness and eagerness. "Martin Johnson, Lion Hunter," by Fitzhugh Green, is probably the best of the lot, because it is a simple direct story of natural elements, animals, hunting, and the wilder Africa.

Fundamentally the books on adventure are a travesty on the term. Tawdry attempts of jaded adults to build up through a quickly changing tempo of action an excitement that may pass for adventure. Nowhere even a suggestion that adventure may emanate from within, that its genuineness may rest on its inner urgency, that, "One man with a dream, at pleasure, Shall go forth and conquer a crown."

REBECCA HOURWICH

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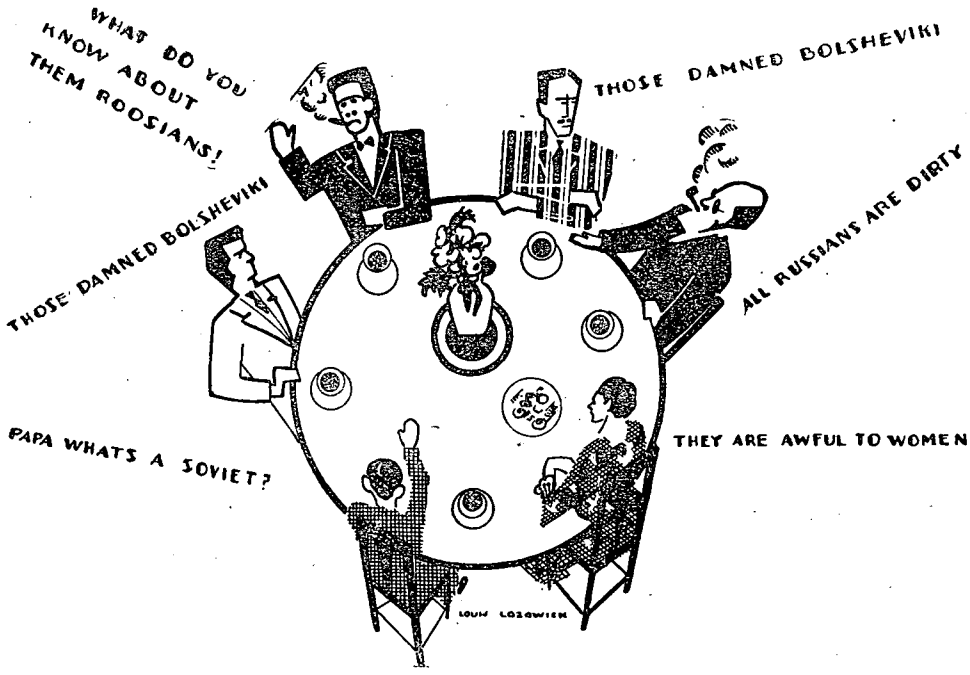
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Children's Books in Brief

Juniper Farm. By René Bazin. Translation by Margery Bianco. The Macmillan Company. $1.75. (Ages 8-12.)

A distinguished French author has made a simple and convincing record of French peasant life. Said the father of four little peasant children: "Isn't it a fine thing to be happy, Marie?" "It certainly is," she replied, "but it's a lot of bother, just the same!" The book's keynote lies in the willing acceptance of responsibilities, and in the old-fashioned teaching of them by farm life.

A Hat Tub Tale. By Caroline Emerson. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2. (Ages 6-10.)

This is a book which the author probably had great fun writing, and Lois Lenski still more illustrating, but which only certain children will have fun reading. The qualities toward which its somewhat conscious humor is directed—greediness, selfishness, untidiness, and such—would make a child squirm even while laughing and that is always an uncomfortable form of exercise. The book has imagination and inventiveness and shows familiarity with childish foibles.

Castles in Spain. By Bertha L. Gunterman. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50. (Ages 9-15.)

Here are collected a group of interesting legends. The material is original and striking, and the Spanish atmosphere and feeling most successfully maintained throughout the book without any undue straining toward ultra-exotic language.

The Story of Youth. By Lothrop Stoddard. Cosmopolitan. $2.50. (Ages 12-16.)

This book will appeal to many adults and to some analytical and inquiring young people. It presents interesting views of the position young people have held in the world during various historical epochs—the Babylonian, Viking, Elizabethan, Georgian, and many others. It treats such fascinating subjects as the Children's Crusade, the whipping masters, medieval childhood, child-labor abuses, chimney-sweeps. An unusual historical background and a fine literary equipment make this book distinct and original.

Nine Short Plays. Edited by M. Jagendorf. The Macmillan Company. $2.50. (Ages 10-15.)

Many have asked the question put in Mr. Jagendorf's preface: "Why are there no children's plays equal in sensitive beauty to Blake's and Stevenson's children's poems?" Unfortunately this collection does not begin to answer that question. It is difficult to judge the acting value of a play by reading it, but these themes appear banal, the characters insipid. Those familiar with the field of children's plays have been sufficiently bored by dreams, seasons, toys, and columbines. Mr. Jagendorf's own play of "Merry Tyll" and, possibly, "The Bean Bag," by Towle Adair, are the only ones of any apparent dramatic value.

Plays for People and Puppets. By Catharine Reighard. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50. (Ages 10-15.)

Very different is this collection. Making no strained or hackneyed efforts at originality, "The King of The Golden River," "Rumpelstiltskin," "Aladdin," and similar fine phantasies and fairy tales have been dramatized in such a way that they are invested with additional vitality and artistic worth. Details of scenery, properties, lighting, and bibliography have been worked out by an experienced and careful hand.

The Rose and The Ring. By W. M. Thackeray. Brentano's. $2. (Ages 12-15.)

A new edition of a most beloved satire, with illustrations by J. H. Tinker. These show the influence of Arthur Rackham and, here and there, of Heath Robinson. Silhouettes, while good, do

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not seem a happy combination with detailed line drawing. One is glad that the original "Angelica fecit" drawings have been included.

The Treasure of Carcassonne. By Robida. Longmans, Green and Company. $2. (Ages 8-12.)

Rather an amusing tale of an impractical troubadour whose dream, after many ruefully humorous adventures, finally does assume reality.

Don. By Zane Grey. Harper and Brothers. 75 cents. (Ages 12-16.)

This is one of the Harper Round Table reprints of old favorites—a sketch barely as long as "Rab and His Friends." Lovers of long short-stories as well as lovers of dogs will appreciate this well-told tale of a thoroughbred hound.

Adventures in Afghanistan. By Lowell Thomas. The Century Company. $2. (Ages 12-16.)

Lowell Thomas's place as an adventure writer for boys seems to grow surer with each volume. His narrative appears more thrilling than ever, and his trip through the wilds of Baluchistan, Waziristan, and the Khyber Pass with such companions as Chase, his intrepid cameraman, and Y. B., who became "so thrilled he could scarcely keep his monocle in his eye," will be followed with the usual absorbed interest by even more than the usual number of boys.

The Count of Monte Cristo. By Alexander Dumas. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50. (Ages 12-18.)

The illustrations in this beautiful new edition are by Mead Schaffer, and never has he done better work. He will be remembered by his illustrations for "Moby Dick," "Omoo," "Typee," "The Cruise of the Cachelot," and other favorites.

Where It All Comes True: In Italy and Switzerland. Experiences and Observations of Betty and Mary as related by their aunt, Clara E. Laughlin. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50. (Ages 12-16.)

This book is a welcome contrast to the recent flood of books by children for children. It has been carefully edited by a discerning aunt, and while it presents a trip through Italy and Switzerland from Betty's and Mary's point of view, it has been enriched by the ample collaboration of Clara Laughlin.

20 Hours, 40 Minutes: Our Flight in The Friendship. By Amelia Earhart. G. P. Putnams Sons. $2.

A simple and straightforward narrative of a great achievement, stamped with the modesty, quiet humor, and keen intelligence of its famous author.

Flying With Lindbergh. By Donald Keyhoe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Until now Lindbergh has been, despite the efforts of innumerable reporters, more of a symbol than a human being. His aide, Keyhoe, gives us a quiet account of the recent tour of the United States, under the auspices of the Guggenheim Foundation, with many glimpses of Lindbergh which seem to bring him closer.

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

More Briefs

The House at Pooh Corner. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Since this volume ten days after publication was in its fifty-first edition there seems to be nothing one can say for or against it which will be of the slightest use or interest to anybody. "The House at Pooh Corner" might be called the "Abie's Irish Rose" of juvenile literature if it were not for the fact that, with all its unrestrained whimsy, it is a nice little book. The gloomy and sardonic Eeyore is by far the most attractive character in it.

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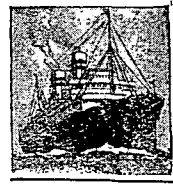

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Early Days in Ohio. By Florence M. Everson and Effie Power. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

The idea of describing pioneer life in the form of fiction is excellent. But the fiction must be interesting as well as realistic; and there is no need to "write down" to the intellects of young readers. "Early Days in Ohio," in spite of the alluring subject and of the attempt to make the writing friendly and pleasantly juvenile, is merely dull. And children are twice as impatient of dulness as their elders.

Engines. By E. N. daC. Andrade. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

This is the sort of book that boys—and, thanks to our modern education, girls also in some cases—sit up nights over. There is no attempt at making the subject "attractive"; if you want to know about engines you will read this book and find out. The language is clear, the explanations and diagrams are simple and practical, the plates are many and interesting. Mr. Andrade has forgotten that he was writing to please boys and girls and has merely tried to be explicit. And nothing could please them more.

A Child's Story of Civilization. By Stephen King-Hall. William Morrow and Company. $3.

"You can imagine the story of the world to be like a huge plum cake. You are not big enough to eat it all; it would give you a tummy ache; but we can pick out the plums." Thus Mr. King-Hall urges his young readers to commence his confection; and with all due respect to his physiological wisdom, one would wager a large sum that almost any child would prefer Mr. H. G. Wells, and certainly Hendrik van Loon, even including the indigestible portions.

Fiction and Biography Shorts

Charlotte Löwensköld. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. Doubleday, Page and Company. 1927. $2.50.

It is a far cry from the "Story of Gösta Berling," which took the world by storm in 1891, to this the latest novel of its authoress. What was then a daring plunge into the deep and alluring waters of mystical romanticism has gradually with her become an habitual mode of attack bordering on mannerism. Worse, the charming and unsought naivete of her earlier productions, which yet valiantly tackled ugly realities and somehow transmuted them, as in "The Emperor of Portugallia," has degenerated into a veritable Victorian squeamishness. It must be said, too, that the loosely episodic structure that was so admirably adapted to the grand epic theme of "Jerusalem" is ill suited to the recital of how a full-blooded, independent girl is weaned from her absorbing devotion to a handsome young clergyman who develops into a religious egotist and cad. The famous authoress will not lose many of her host of admirers through this book, precisely because it is ostensibly in her accustomed manner. But the discerning among them will grieve that she has not seen fit to rest on her well-earned laurels.

Respectability. By Bohun Lynch. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

A saga of upper-middle-class English life, written by an English novelist and critic who deserves to be better known in America. We are taken into the inner recesses of the minds and souls of influential hypocrites and smut hounds whose American brothers are to be found in the novels of Sinclair Lewis, the Watch and Ward Society, and the Anti-Saloon League. We are the privileged spectators at the trial and conviction of a distinguished book of essays, carried through in true blue Bostonian fashion. All this and much more indicates the fellowship in folly of the English-speaking world.

Juggler's Kiss. By Manuel Komroff. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

A puzzling Faustian allegory by one of the more eminent members of the Bewildered School of American fiction, founded by Sherwood Anderson and still marching on to victory—in the reviews. The virtues of this story of the life-defeat of Dundee are its sincerity, its naivete, and its racy narrative flow, observable only in the occasional episodes which wander vaguely in and out of the loose texture of the book. Its fatal defect is that it sounds like an improvisation; the story blunders about in exactly the same way as its hero. Manuel Komroff, like his master, is an excellent short-story writer; in his first novel we have imbedded a few haunting tales of strange trades and adventures; for the rest nothing but a confused series of brief, dissolving views.

Mary Lee. By Geoffrey Dennis. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is a reissue of the original edition of 1924. It is mentioned here because so few people seem to be aware that in Mr. Dennis we have one of the few authentic novelists writing in English today. One or two critics have already noted the magnificent originality of "Mary Lee"; possibly, with its reissue, Mr. Dennis's all-too-scanty audience may enlarge to respectable proportions.

Blake's Innocence and Experience. A Study of the Songs and Manuscripts "Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul." By Joseph H. Wicksteed. E. P. Dutton and Company. $8.

Mr. Wicksteed in this complete and beautiful volume lavishes upon the "simple" poems of Blake the same commentator's care that has until now been the lot only of the prophetic books to receive. Reproducing opposite the text of each poem in "Songs of Innocence" and "Songs of Experience" the engraved page as Blake left it (though, except in four cases, without color), and closing with a facsimile of the famous "MS. of Experience," he has supplied a text much to be desired by all who were not able to afford the expensive editions. But in addition he has done much to illuminate the deeper meanings of Blake's superficially ingenuous songs. There is a danger here, of course. But Mr. Wicksteed has avoided it, and in general has thrown much light on the already shining surfaces of the younger Blake. The poems, as he points out, are of such stuff as will endure examination. His own examination, based upon a special study of Blake's experience in love and marriage, seems likely in turn to endure.

Life and I: an Autobiography of Humanity. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Mr. Bradford's biographical writings have invariably revealed a strong bent toward weak philosophizing. This latest volume summarizes his always amiable but never profound reflections on "the general I that fills and makes the world." And here again, as in his biographies, his writing is irritatingly adequate—so adequate that one never becomes excited enough to protest or applaud. One is mildly entertained or mildly bored.

La Vie de Stendhal. Par Paul Hazard. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 12 francs.

The French Academy recently awarded one of its numerous prizes to Paul Hazard for the collectivity of his work. His two new biographies, the "Lamartine" and this "Stendhal," are competent and readable little volumes, not brilliant—Rod's "Stendhal" is much livelier and crisper—but arriving, by dint of many careful and affectionate touches, at an appealing and satisfying portrait. As befits a number in a series labeled "Vies des Hommes illustres," the book deals much more with "Vie" than with "Oeuvres." But surely no study of the man Beyle is complete without some detailed account of the work, since in this case, even more than with most writers, it is the works, and not the queer freak of a man, that have lived.

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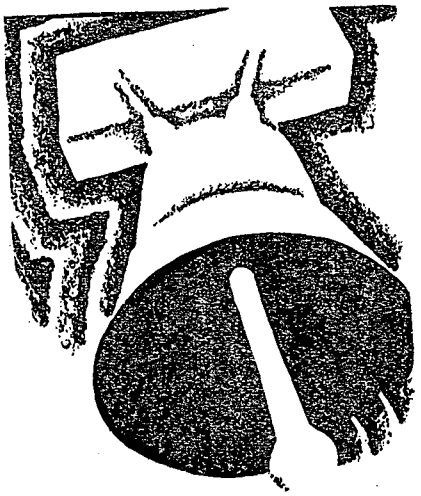

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Music

The Leaderless Orchestra

ASSEMBLED on the stage of Carnegie Hall, on Saturday evening, November 3, eighty musicians gave the first orchestral concert to take place in America without the guidance of a conductor. Whether or not they wrote the opening lines in a new chapter of musical history remains to be seen. Certainly they demonstrated in an all-Beethoven program, comprising the Eroica Symphony, the violin concerts with Max Rosen as soloist, and the Egmont Overture, that it is possible to give a clear, precise, and balanced performance of the classics without the aid of the familiar stick in the hand of the leader.

Since the organization of the Moscow "Persimfans" (an abbreviation of the Russian for First Symphonic Ensemble) six years ago, five other conductorless orchestras have appeared in Russia, as well as those in Leipzig and Berne. According to report, they have successfully challenged the traditions and conventions of more than a century and it has been said that they will in time mean the passing of the virtuoso with the baton. This one must doubt—at least for our city. For, after all, in a music-surfeited town like New York, concert audiences are more than familiar with the literal text of the Eroica. What interests them is the illuminating rendition of the Eroica made possible by the genius of a Toscanini. The faithful transcription of the score given by the American Symphonic Ensemble was refreshingly free of the exaggeration that a great work too often suffers at the hands of a lesser man anxious to impress audience and orchestra with his individuality and originality. For this one was profoundly grateful. On the other hand, one was not always conscious of the intimate communion with the spirit of the music, the awe-inspiring revelation of the real Beethoven, that only the soul of a supreme musician can evoke.

This is not meant in any way to belittle the amazing achievement of these eighty men, whose performance was a logical protest against exhibitionism on the podium and should be a lesson to worshipers of graceful gestures and beautifully tailored backs.

In almost every article on leaderless orchestras mention has been made of the fact that the idea, essentially Russian in its inception, is a form of musical communism. The truth would seem to be quite the opposite. Under a conductor each player must remain part of a beautifully balanced organism, his own individuality repressed or released only in so far as the dictator deems necessary for the common good. In a symphonic ensemble a large measure of respensibility rests with each man who must necessarily be familiar with the whole score and more particularly with his own cues. Interpretations are decided upon by a committee chosen to represent all the players, and suggestions by any participant are welcome. This might be called musical democracy, but hardly communism, which theoretically, I believe, would demand a dictatorship of the rear desks. Indeed had the rear desks followed Mr. Stassevitch's glances and movements less accurately on Saturday night we might have missed the uncanny precision, which to the ordinary listener, accustomed to following a symphony concert partly with the eye, seemed almost to savor of black magic.

From an economic point of view one wonders whether an orchestra that requires sixteen rehearsals for a single concert can pay its way. As Mr. Villard, Editor of *The Nation* and former president of the New York Philharmonic Society, told the audience, the American Symphonic Ensemble has no "angel," no backing of any kind. Only a very active popular response to their enthusiasm and idealism can make possible the permanent existence of the organization. Let us hope that they will find that response. They have amply deserved it. And let us also hope that these pioneers will inspire other companies of musicians in smaller towns, where the prohibitive salaries paid to star conductors have hitherto made symphony orchestras impossible, to band together for the study of scores and to found symphonic ensembles of their own. It will mean a higher standard of musicianship throughout the country, a saner goal for most students than the already overcrowded concert platform, and perhaps the first real step in the making of a nation of true music lovers.

BLANCHE BLOCH

Drama

Logic and Love

SAMSON RAPHAELSON'S "Young Love" (Theater Masque) left Chicago amid shouts of moral indignation. One reviewer there had called it "such a play as Leopold and Loeb might have written" and most of the others had protested that they, at least, had never heard of any goings-on as scandalous as those represented in the offending play. Under the circumstances New York had every reason to expect something horrendous, but New York failed to make allowance for the cloistered lives led by Middle Western newspapermen. It seems that no one out there had ever heard that in this abandoned age of ours young people have been known to consummate marriages before having them celebrated, or that husbands of ten years' standing have been known to make what Chicago newspapers no doubt call "improper advances" to girls younger than themselves. They were not at all reconciled by the fact that the play has a most admirable moral, and they are gasping yet at the audacity of a playwright who would choose such a subject. To those who, like them, believe that only the diseased imagination of a decadent author could conceive a series of events so scandalous, "Young Love" will doubtless afford that peculiar kind of pleasure which many people take in being shocked; to others who have heard rumors that in parts of this country less pure than Chicago people have been known to do things almost as deplorable, it will seem, on the contrary, a very neat little comedy.

The initial situation is as follows: Two young people, thoroughly *au courant* with the adolescent liberalism of our "younger generation," fall romantically in love. Like all in their condition, they are sure that no human beings ever felt what they feel until, in a moment of folly which they mistake for courageous frankness, they confess to one another that each has felt himself, in spite of his great love, just a little moved by the gallant advances of an older person. Can it be that they are mistaken about the ineffable and eternal nature of their passion for one another? Neither is willing to enter upon anything which promises to be merely a marriage like any other, and the girl, absurdly logical, proposes a test. Each had best yield to the temptation which he has felt and then decide whether or not they really love one another as no two people ever loved before.

Now granted this initial situation—and I for one am quite willing to confess, even at the risk of being thought to have consorted with particularly depraved people, that I have heard of compacts quite as preposterous as this one gravely entered into by very earnest young people—the question remains how it is to be treated upon the stage. The real difficulty is not a moral but an artistic one. The story so inevitably suggests the lurid preachments of the Sunday supplement that it is very hard to conceive of it in any other terms, and the problem of the playwright is the problem of treating it from some angle not obviously moronic. This problem the author has successfully solved and he deserves, so it seems to me, no little credit for having done so. Carefully avoiding all the abundant opportunities for

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mock tragedy and tabloid sermonizing he has grasped the fact that the heroine is neither a solemn warning of the depravity to be expected from children of the jazz age nor a pioneer experimenter in the realm of rational sex ethics, but merely a fool of that particular sort who makes comedy—one of those, that is to say, who supposes that people will *feel* rationally about a plan which they have rationally thought out. And having grasped that essential fact he has proceeded to evolve a very convincing as well as amusing series of complications which lead finally to debacle just serious enough to satisfy the requirements of comedy. For when the smoke has cleared away the young lovers go away together convinced that they will "live happily ever after" but obviously destined to do no such thing.

For some reason or other it is always the playwrights who adopt an already established formula who get all the credit for theatrical dexterity. "Young Love" is as neat in its working out as the most conventional dramatic exercise could possibly be and yet there is not a single situation which developed according to the tried and true recipes of the stage "technician." Ten times as much real dexterity went to the writing of it as is required for the handling of a conventional plot and I see no reason why the author should not be given credit for the fact. Dorothy Gish heads an excellent cast.

Noel Coward's revue, "This Year of Grace" (Selwyn Theater) has Beatrice Lillie and Mr. Coward himself as stars. All that can be said of the superiority of the English revue over the American has been said many times. And only part of it is true. There is one excellent satiric scene, the English Lido, and one fine specialty number called Dance, Little Lady, but the chorus is really very bad and much that is usually described as "intimate" or "refined" is only thin. At its best "This Year of Grace" has touches of superior work. At its worst it is faintly reminiscent of an entertainment arranged by the curate for the benefit of the Village Improvement Society.

"Tin-Pan Alley" (Biltmore Theater) is another night-club play with Claudette Colbert as the pure and much-wronged heroine.

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International Relations Section

"Die Wacht am Rhein"

By EMIL LENGYEL

TEN years after the armistice ex-enemy soldiers are standing in German territory. At the Rhineland conference which took place in Geneva in the middle of September the German Chancellor, Herr Hermann Müller, asked for the immediate evacuation of the left bank of the Rhine occupied by the Allied troops. He based his argument on the fact that the Reich complied with its obligations resulting from the Treaty of Versailles, is executing the Dawes Plan, is a member of the Council of the League of Nations, and a signatory to the Locarno and Paris pacts. The Chancellor, furthermore, invoked the obligation of the Allies to evacuate the Rhineland under Article 431 of the Treaty of Versailles which stipulates that "if before the expiration of the period of fifteen years Germany complies with the undertakings resulting from the treaty the Allied army of occupation should be withdrawn."

The Treaty of Versailles set up on the right bank of the Rhine a demilitarized zone, fifty kilometers wide, where no German fortifications and military garrisons may be maintained. Inside this zone there is a strip of ten kilometers which is a neutral zone, a No Man's Land. These are the "permanent zones" intended to safeguard France from German attack.

On the left bank of the Rhine there are three "temporary zones," to be occupied by Allied forces for five to fifteen years. The northernmost zone with Cologne as its center was evacuated in December, 1925. The two other zones with Coblenz and Mayence as their centers are to be evacuated in 1930 and 1935. The occupation of these territories was to guarantee the execution of the financial clauses of the treaty.

On September 16 the representatives of the six interested Powers, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, and Germany, reached an agreement to the effect that, as the communiqué to the press says, "official negotiations will be opened relative to the demand of the Chancellor of the Reich in regard to the earlier evacuation of the Rhineland." The good impression created by this sentence is more than counter-balanced by the following two sentences which speak of a heavy price for the early evacuation. As a *quid pro quo* the Allies insist on the definitive regulation of the reparation question by a committee of experts designated by the six governments. Moreover, to disable the Germans from preparing for war in the Rhineland a military Control Commission will be appointed.

The unfavorable outcome of the Geneva conversations shocked the entire Reich. The liberal newspapers began to lament the end of the era of Locarno. *Germania*, organ of the Catholic Center Party and a staunch proponent of the republic, hinted of an international calamity. It could not conceive that the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, M. Briand, in whom Republican Germany had hoped to find the apostle of a new religion, should stage a revival of the dismal days of 1923. The reactionaries of the Stahlhelm reminded Germany by the organization of a mass parade that their policy was right. Even the cautious Minister of National Defense, General Groener, found the time opportune for indulging in a little saber-rattling and asked for equal rights in competitive armament. At the same time Marshal Hindenburg blew the bugle of high nationalism in Upper Silesia. The Reich discovered that the days when the *Vossische Zeitung* could write so confidently about the Franco-German peace alliance had receded into the dim past. The day has come for the friends of "spite-alliances." The political Who's Who began to scan the horizon for the foes of France and it did not require much scanning to find them. Communist Russia has once more become the pet of the anti-Communist newspapers of Germany.

In the face of the spontaneous outburst of disgust the French intrenched themselves behind a diehard intransigence. For the first time in many years the ultra-Fascist *Figaro* and the radical *l'Oeuvre* found themselves in the same boat. With the exception of the Communist *l'Humanité* and the Socialist *Le Populaire*, the Paris press displayed the greatest enthusiasm for the policy of M. Briand. They all sang the same refrain: "How can France know that Germany will faithfully execute the financial clauses of the treaty?" How can she consent to the evacuation of the Rhineland until the problem of reparations is finally solved?

Nor is France reassured regarding the willingness of Germany to settle the reparation problem definitely. Theoretically she owes 132 billion gold marks, the amount which the Allied representatives agreed in 1921 was Germany's capacity to pay. However, it is now tacitly admitted in all former Allied countries that this figure cannot serve even as a basis of new negotiations. The French would be satisfied with Germany's consent to pay 40 or 50 billion gold marks.

The *Lokalanzeiger* reminds its readers that at the Peace Conference Marshal Foch, with the emphasis of a victorious campaign, solemnly asserted that France could never be safe from German attack unless the Rhine was her boundary. Nor have the Germans forgotten that for five years after this categorical declaration the French left no means untried to annex or at least Gallicize the left bank of the Rhine. Fortunately for them, the English did not participate in the occupation of the Ruhr and in response to the urgent representations of Downing Street Premier Poincaré had to assure them that his government had no intention to annex Rhenish territory. It was chiefly the French who helped establish the abortive Rhenish Republics and gave aid and comfort to the autonomists.

The problem of the Rhineland directly affects the daily lives of three million people, apart from its international implications and from its influence on the life of every German. There are about 50,000 French soldiers in the occupied area and smaller contingents of English and Belgian troops. They make the housing situation even more serious than it is in unoccupied Germany. Many complaints have been made on account of the damages done to the Rhinelanders by the maneuvers of the Allied military. There has been much friction between the occupying forces and the German civilian government. For a time the occupied zones were run by Allied soldiers in violation of the Treaty of Versailles which left the government in the hands of the Germans. Quite recently, however, much progress has been made in this respect. Most of the ordinances of the Interallied High Commission which had the force of law have been abolished and the laws of the Reich have been introduced.

It is only fair to admit that the English had a stabilizing influence in the Rhineland and that for a long period

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they performed a useful service as shock-absorbers. But for their intervention the history of the autonomous republics would be more than merely a series of sometimes amusing and sometimes disgusting incidents.

There are certain hopeful aspects of the Rhenish situation. Most important of them is a closer union of the occupied territory with the rest of Germany. Before the war the people of the left bank of the Rhine, who belong mostly to Prussia, were highly antagonistic to the Berlin rule. The Rhinelanders are mainly Catholics and the Prussians are Protestants. The Rhinelanders are easygoing and jovial with more than a touch of Latin levity. They hated the heavy-footed bureaucracy of the Prussians and, above anything else, they hated Junkerism. There was a serious Rhenish problem before the war. The Prussian Rhinelanders were trying to organize a new Bundesstaat which would have comprised their own province as well as the Bavarian Palatinate and Rhenish Oldenburg and Hessen.

Such plans no longer exist. French oppression and the democratization of Prussia have wrought a complete reversal of public opinion in the Rhineland. The Junkers are being squeezed out of the Prussian administration and the government of Prussia is Social Democratic.

For nearly two thousand years "Die Wacht" and "La Garde" have been fighting on the Rhine. It is no wonder, therefore, that once more the last phase of a great war is being fought out on the banks of the river. M. Briand was mistaken when at the end of the Rhineland conversations he exclaimed: "We have liquidated the war!" As long as the armies of the Allies are standing on the Rhine the war is not liquidated. Even M. Briand's recent declarations were characteristic of the war-time mentality. The Quai d'Orsay does not seem to realize that by insisting on Germany's bad faith it might instil the idea of the *revanche* into the Reich. The Germans might just as well commit the crime for which they are being punished. They might just as well default on their payments for which they have been put into the debtors' prison. Fortunately, the idea of peace is more deeply rooted in Republican Germany than the French militarists are willing to admit.

Contributors to This Issue

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is in Washington as national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

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at 8 O'clock Admission Free

Friday, Nov. 23—Everett Dean Martin—"The Roman Idea of Freedom—The Citizen and Freed Man."

Sunday, Nov. 25—Silas Bent—"Ballyhoo."

Tuesday, Nov. 27—The American Institute Science Lectures—Dr. Paul R. Heyl, Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C. "Weighing the Earth."

At Muhlenberg Branch Library
209 West 23rd St., at 8:30 o'clock.

Monday, Nov. 26—"Rabelais."

Wednesday, Nov. 28—Norman Hilberry—"The History and Classification of Spectra."

Thursday, Nov. 29—Holiday—No Lecture.

Saturday, Dec. 1—E. Boyd Barrett—"Can Science Give Mankind Religion?"

GROUPS FORMING

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